From Liverpool to St. Louis.

NIAGARA.

FROM LIVERPOOL TO ST. LOUIS.

BY THE REV. NEWMAN HALL.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume is a reprint of some monthly papers which appeared in *The Broadway* magazine, and must be regarded as containing merely a portion of the Author's “Notes of Travel,” the selection of which was determined month by month, by accidental considerations rather than by those which would have influenced the preparation of a volume on America.

In some degree to supply this defect, to furnish an opportunity of acknowledging some of the many kindnesses received, and in the hope, perhaps the pleasant delusion, that some of his readers may be interested in so personal a narrative, the author ventures, by way of preface, to give the following outline of his tour.

As stated in the following pages, I set sail from Liverpool with my esteemed friend the Rev. R. Balgarnie, on Saturday, August 17th, 1867, and anchored in Boston Bay on the

night of Tuesday the 27th. *a* iv After visiting Newtown and Newport, West Point, and the Catskill Mountains, Saratoga and the Falls of Trenton, we reached Niagara on Thursday, September 5th, and remained till the 12th, with the exception of the Sunday, which we spent at the neighbouring Canadian town of Hamilton, whence messengers had been sent, earnestly inviting us to “come over to help them,” by preaching to several of their congregations. The hospitality and kindness of Mr. Edgar, Rev. Thos. Pullar, and others, will not soon be forgotten.

We then went, by way of London and Detroit, to Chicago, where we arrived on Saturday the 14th. On Wednesday the 18th, we visited Lincoln's house and grave at Springfield; on the 19th, went to St. Louis; and travelling all the next day and night, returned to Buffalo on the afternoon of Saturday, September 21st.

It was the occasion of the yearly assembly of the American Board of Foreign Missions. More than a thousand clergy and lay delegates were gathering together from all parts of the United States. The most large-hearted hospitality was shown by the inhabitants. I was billeted to the house of the Rev. Dr. Calkins When I rang at the door the little children, who had v seen the preparations,—study and parlour turned into bed-rooms, &c.,—to receive the “Board,” asked—“Mamma! is dis de Board?” I went by this name. I was a little poorly the next day, and the children came to my room, asking, “Is de Board better?” I must not linger to descant on the home of affection I found at Buffalo, and the overflowing kindness of the many friends who greeted us. The “Board” consists of a certain number of persons, of different denominations, duly qualified, by whom all the proceedings of the society are directed. The admission of the public to debates extending over several days, with public meetings and sermons, in which some of the most distinguished Americans take part; and the annual gatherings being held in different cities of importance, render this assembly of the Board an “event” in the religious world. From Buffalo I made two more visits to Niagara, the beauties of which increasingly charmed and enchained me.

On Thursday, September 26th, we went by railway to Lewiston, at the mouth of the Niagara river, where we embarked on Lake Ontario. These lakes are disappointing after those of Switzerland. There are no mountains; no rocky coast scenery; the vi shores are level, and the almost boundless prospect of water has not the majesty of the sea.

At Toronto we were cordially received by the Rev. Mr. Marling and other friends. No words can express the warmth with which we were welcomed throughout Canada as representatives of the Mother-country, and *fellow-subjects* . While some Canadians wish for “annexation;” and while most would admit that this would increase the value of property, chiefly by the security it would afford against possible danger through implication in any difference between Great Britain and the States, yet there is a very large section of the inhabitants with whom loyalty to the Mother-country is not a mere poetical sentiment but a strong passion. We happened to see a British regiment march through the town with their mounted band, and a dozen Lancaster guns, headed by the colonel, and at his side a North-American chief, in native costume, with a huge head-piece of feathers. He was well mounted, and, of course, rode with great ease. The people looked at the display with delight and pride.

The city abounds with beautiful churches of various denominations, erected on the voluntary principle. vii We were pressed to preach in the evening, and to address a large assembly early next morning; and the people spontaneously urged me to accept a sum of money, which subsequently, by contributions from other towns, amounted to £100, for putting up a Canada memorial church-window. The Canadians wish to cherish the closest ties with the Mother-land, and frequently expressed their regret that they seemed to be overlooked by Englishmen, who cross the Atlantic to visit a neighbouring nation and neglect their own countrymen.

About noon on the 27th, we re-embarked. When we awoke next morning, we were entering the St. Lawrence. Threading the Thousand Islands and shooting the Rapids, we reached Montreal on Saturday night. Many friends waited to welcome us. Mr. and

Mrs. Redpath hospitably received us at their mansion, where we met General Russell, the commandant, who presided at a religious meeting, at which my friend and myself addressed young men. The general's own speech, backed by the great weight of his character, was very impressive. Mr. Dougall, editor of the *Montreal Witness* , Dr. Wilkes, and others, showed us no little kindness.

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On Monday night we took the “sleeping-cars,” and the next morning, October 1st, were at Quebec. Here we were entertained by Mr. Musson, a veteran, retaining at 84 the agility and enthusiasm of youth. He drove us to the Falls of Montmorenci and the Natural Steps, returning to Quebec, where it had been arranged that we should preach in the afternoon and evening. Between the services we went to the Heights of Abraham, and read the simple inscription on the memorial pillar: “Here fell Wolfe, victorious, Sept. 13, 1759.” Next day we went to see an Indian Village in the neighbourhood, and took the night train to Gorham, which we reached at 9.30 on Thursday morning. A drive through forests, gorgeous with autumnal tints, brought us to the “Glen House Hotel,” in the heart of the White Mountains. We had good views of “Carter” and “Imp;” then of “Madison” and “Jefferson.” How new the names—how old the hills! It was past noon when we had breakfasted and started to climb“Washington.” First, through the primeval solemn, silent, beautiful!—out on the schist rock, white and sparkling. What a prospect over an unbroken ocean of forest, the varied shades ix of green illumined by the scarlet blaze of the maple! A hurricane began to blow—we could scarcely stand against it—thick mists were driving, which froze on our whiskers. At four o'clock we reached the “Tiptop-house,” 5,000 feet high. The thermometer was 14° below freezing. We were back in the hotel before seven. We saw a railway which was in progress, the gradient of which was 1 in 3; designed to take mountaineers straight up the side, the engine to work by a cog-wheel.

The next day, through lovely scenery, we travelled to Portland, where we were courteously welcomed by the Mayor and the Rev. Dr. Carruthers. We visited the tomb of Payson, enjoyed a glorious view from the Observatory, embracing the vast bay and upwards

of 300 islands, beyond which was the blue line of the Atlantic; while inland we saw Mount Washington, at a distance of 80 miles. In the evening I addressed the citizens on international relations, the ex-Governor of Maine presiding.

The next day the Mayor conducted us over the city. We were specially interested in the public schools. For a population of 30,000, there are 16 primary schools, with accommodation for all the children x between 5 and 10 years of age. The school I visited had 900 children, instructed by 16 lady teachers receiving salaries of £50 to £60. There were 6 “Grammar schools” for children above 10 years of age who have reached a certain stage of proficiency; and then there is the “High School” for persons above 14 years of age who have passed certain examinations. Here young men and young women are instructed in class together, though they have separate “study-rooms.” The schools are supported by local taxation self-imposed by the inhabitants. No fees are paid by the pupils. Any lad with brains and perseverance, if his parents are willing to support him while at school, may pass into the High School, and be there fitted for the University. A first-class education is within the reach of the poorest. The Mayor pointed out to me his own son sitting with the other boys. Several young ladies belonging to families of high standing were studying alongside the children of tradesmen and mechanics. I asked why the rich sent their children there. The answer was—“Because we pay for the schools, and like to share in them; because we can't get a better education for our children; and because those who, xi in a few years may mix on equal terms, may as well prepare for it at school.”

On Saturday evening, October 5th, we reached Boston. Our hospitable friends Mr. and Mrs. Ropes, were waiting to welcome us. Alas! after so short an interval, what a harvest has Death been reaping among those whose names I feel a pleasure in mentioning as having shown us great personal kindness. Boston is the most English-looking town I visited throughout my journey. The streets, unlike those of other American cities, are very irregular. I must not linger to speak of the public library, the churches, the schools, the arsenal, the Bunker's Hill monument, &c. One evening was spent with Longfellow. He lives at Cambridge, near Boston, in an old mansion which was Washington's head-

quarters. One day there was a turn-out of the Boston volunteers to give a public reception to General Sheridan, whom I had the honour of meeting in the evening. From Boston I visited Plymouth, and paid my pilgrimage to the rock on which the Pilgrim Fathers landed. Another day was spent at Springfield, where we took part in a convention of Young Men's Christian Associations. Our kind and intelligent host, the Rev. S. Buckingham, xii took us a drive in the neighbourhood, the beauty of which will never be effaced from my memory. We also visited the Theological College at Andover, where we were entertained by Professor Park, editor of the “Bibliotheca Sacra,” and were invited to address the students under his charge.

I had the privilege of meeting the poets Lowell, Holmes, and Whittier. It is a pleasure to recall the names of the Rev. W. Hale, Dr. Kirk, Mr. Toby, Mr. Kimball, Judge Warren, and especially of Mr. John Tappan, my own and my father's friend, an aged veteran in philanthropy, as having shown me great kindness. At Boston, as elsewhere, we were courteously constrained both on Sundays and week-days, to occupy the pulpits of various churches, and to address large public meetings.

On Friday, October 18th, I went to Providence, where the governor was my host, and presided at a lecture on international relations. The next day I visited “Brown's University,” and went forward to Hartford, where I received the hospitality of Professor and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, with whom I had the great pleasure of spending a long morning, in the course of which, Dr. Bushnell called. It xiii was a rare privilege to hear two such persons converse as they did on the most interesting and important of all subjects. I was much interested in learning the origin of “Uncle Tom's Cabin.” The death-scene vividly flashed on the mind of the authoress one day at the Holy Communion. This was first described, and then the rest of the story was composed as an introduction.

Sunday, the 20th of October, was spent at New Haven; where I had been invited to preach to the students of Yale College. To Dr. and Mrs. Patten, my kind hosts; to Judge Wayland and Mrs. Wayland; to Professor Hoppin and others, I would record my

obligations. How pleasant were the rides and drives in the neighbourhood; the clamber to the “Judge's Cave,” where some of the “regicides” who sat in judgment on Charles I. were once secreted; the strolls beneath the graceful elms of the common: the pleasant intercourse with many friends! Wednesday, October 23rd, I went to New York; where I was successively the guest of the Hon. N. White, and Hon. W. E. Dodge, known for Christian philanthropy all through the States; and then of my friend Dr. Cuyler. In these, families I again had an xiv opportunity of knowing how much at home an Englishman can be in America; and in how great a degree refinement, cheerfulness, affection, and godliness may combine to dignify and beautify the domestic life of a large portion of the people. Space will not allow me to mention the names of others who showed me kindness. They were so numerous that the list would seem ostentatious, and any omission might appear like forgetfulness. My time was fully taken up at New York in preaching, lecturing, visiting schools, reformatories, homes for vagrants, asylums for the deaf and dumb, for aged negroes, &c., &c. I was deeply impressed with the intense religious and philanthropic energy at work in a, city where also may be found, by those who seek it, all kinds of evil. But New York, in its vice, is not a sample of America; for being the principal port of immigration, it is the sink of Europe. I may say, however, that accompanied by a missionary, Dr. Cuyler, and a police-officer, I visited at midnight some of the worst parts of the city, and I fear that the worst of London has no reason to pride itself on the comparison.

To the clergy of all denominations; especially to Dr. Thompson, Dr. Storrs, Dr. Budington, Dr. Adams, xv the Rev. Dr. Tyng, and his son, Dr. Duryea, Dr. Skinner, H. W. Beecher, Dr. Cuyler, and others, I would express my obligation for opening to me their pulpits and showing me every ministerial courtesy. I had the great pleasure of hearing Henry Ward Beecher preach, thrilling his audience in a marvellous way. One day he showed me over the Arsenal; but, what was much more interesting, revealed to me in some degree his own great, poetical, loving heart. I also heard my friend Cuyler preach to his own congregation, and did not wonder at the enthusiastic affection of his people. At New York

I was invited to address large audiences, on International Relations, on Temperance, Sabbath Observance, &c.

Friday, November 8th, to Newark, where I was kindly entertained by Mr. Bradley, and met Mr. Frelinghuyser, an eminent senator, and others. Next day to Philadelphia, where I was the guest of the Hon. George Stuart, known throughout America as an earnest philanthropist, and the chief promoter of the Christian Commission which did so much for the bodies and souls of the soldiers of both armies during the late war. Here, as elsewhere, I was not allowed to be idle, either as regards the pulpit or platform. I xvi had the great pleasure of meeting with the venerable Albert Barnes, now almost blind through intense study. He told me his “Commentaries” were comprised before breakfast—it having been his custom to be at his work at 5 o'clock in the morning, winter as well as summer.

Wednesday, November 13th, I visited the college at Princeton, and was the guest of the venerable president, Dr. Hodge. I addressed the students in the evening, and next morning at 4 o'clock was out in the grounds with Dr. Hodge and his pupils watching the meteors. Then to New York, where I addressed the convention of the Young Men's Christian Association; and then to Albany, where I spoke to the citizens on international affairs, and was very kindly received by Dr. Clarke, Dr. Sprague, and others. On the 15th, returned to Philadelphia to fulfil public engagements. Monday, November 18th, to Richmond. As strong things uttered against southern slavery might expose me to some hazard, the Secretary of the Christian Association kindly offered to accompany me. I was rather startled when on reaching Richmond after midnight I heard my name called out through the cars. But it was by friends who were waiting, unknown xvii to me, to convey me to the official residence of Governor Pierpoint. A sentry was at the door—the first I had seen in America! We had a most hospitable reception, and after a few hours' sleep, the governor conducted me over the city. There were marks of the siege in various houses and a general appearance of desolation. In the Court House I heard a barrister pleading for the acquittal of a prisoner charged with murder, on the ground that he had taken up arms for “the noblest cause for which men had ever fought!” i. e. because he had been a

rebel:—a sign of the large licence given to the bar, and the mild rule of the conquerors. I inspected some negro schools—and a theological college for negro preachers held in what was the negro jail and whipping-house. I went to see the Libby Prison and then a slave-plantation a few miles off, where I had an interesting conversation with the owner, on the past, present, and future of the South. On both sides of the mansion were the rows of nigger cabins, so recently the dwellings of slaves. In the evening I preached to nearly 3000 negroes in the “Big Bethel” Baptist church. The governor sat with me in the pulpit. I cannot express my emotions on witnessing xviii the fervour of that congregation, and being able to address as freemen those who had so recently been slaves. The next morning before it was light Governor Pierpoint was ready to conduct me to the battlefield at Petersburg, 50 miles off, where the final struggle took place.

In the evening of this day, Nov. 20th, I reached Washington, and had a long interview with Mr. Secretary Seward, by whom I was hospitably entertained on two other evenings, and who courteously listened, but with some surprise, to what I told him of the good feeling of the British people towards the American nation and government, and their sympathy with the great war of Union and Emancipation. The marks of the assassin are fearfully evident in the features of Mr. Seward. From his son, also a victim, I received full particulars of the atrocious attack. At Washington I visited the Capitol, that vast palace of white marble; the Patent Office, and other public buildings. I attended several Congress debates; and had the honour of a private interview with the President at the White House, in the entrance-hall of which, in a prominent position, is a marble bust of John Bright. I was taken to Mount Vernon, the estate of General xix Lee, and had a thrilling conversation with an old negress, who told me of the treatment her daughter had received for the crime of attempting to escape from that pattern of Southern chivalry. I walked between long rows of graves, where lie several thousands of the bodies of young men who died in the great war which destroyed the accursed system so valorously defended by the former owner of that ground.

On Sunday morning I preached in the House of Representatives and in the afternoon in a negro church. To Dr. and Mrs. Parker, my most kind host and hostess, to Chief-Justice Chase, who presided at my lecture, to Speaker Colfax, General Grant, Senator Sumner, Dr. Boynton, Dr. Gurley, and many others, I would express my grateful sense of much courtesy and kindness.

On Tuesday, Nov. 25th, I went to Baltimore to preach, and nearly got into trouble by remonstrating against the refusal of admission to some negroes. I said that had I known it when I entered the pulpit, I would have refused to preach unless they had been admitted. That evening I delivered at Washington the address which will be found in this volume.

I returned to Philadelphia on the 26th, where two *b* xx sermons were kindly exacted, and took the night train to New York, where I had planned to spend Thanksgiving Day. I attended divine service in Plymouth Church, and the next day I was honoured with a reception by the Union Club of New York, the most influential political organization in America. There was a large attendance of members, by whom the most friendly sentiments were expressed towards the British nation. On Sunday, Nov. 30th, I had the pleasure of worshipping in Dr. Cuyler's church, and in the afternoon and evening preached farewell sermons in New York and Brooklyn.

On Monday, December I st, I returned to Boston. On Tuesday I preached my last sermon. It was in a Unitarian church, which its rector, the Rev. W E . Hale courteously urged me to occupy. At the close of the service he cordially thanked me both for preaching and for the subject I had selected. My test was: “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life.”

Wednesday, December 3rd, I sailed from Boston, in the *Cuba* , and after a rough but rapid and delightful voyage, landed at Queenstown on Friday morn- xxi ing, December 12th, after an absence of seventeen weeks.

I trust the preceding record of acts of kindness shown me may not be regarded as ostentatious. By far the greater portion of them I attribute simply to my having been, in some humble degree, a representative of the friendly English people; and I record them partly from gratitude, and partly to illustrate the hearty good will of America towards Great Britain. The following notes of travel, are, I am aware, very defective; but such as they are I venture to send them forth, in the hope that they may tend, in however small a degree, to promote good feeling between two nations who must love each other more in proportion as they know each other better.

Hampstead, *September* 7 *th,* 1869.

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ON Saturday, August 17, 1867, I embarked with my friend and travelling companion, the Rev. R. Balgarnie, on board the Cunard ship *Cuba* , commanded by Captain Stone. The deck of the tender, as it put back for the shore, was crowded with people who had come to see their friends off, and who waved their handkerchiefs till the lessening distance rendered us no longer distinguishable to each other.

We had upwards of two hundred passengers. Both B 2 the saloons were crowded. The first business was, by placing a card, to secure a seat at table for the voyage. Unluckily,

we were not alive to this, and had to sit just above the screw, which was anything but soothing and conducive to digestion. Let all travellers on this Broadway secure sleeping-berths and seats as far as possible from the screw. We weighed anchor at noon. The first hour was one of great bustle; identifying luggage, selecting from that which was to be lowered into the hold as much as was needed for the voyage, finding the sleeping-berths, and arranging the few articles of comfort those narrow cells could hold.

We were soon in the open sea. The coast of Wales looked beautiful, the mountains partly concealed by clouds and rain, and partly resplendent in the sunshine. At four o'clock we were summoned to dinner, and had an opportunity of making some inspection of our fellow-passengers. The chief portion were Americans returning from their Continental tour. Some were evidently in the commercial line. A few were English visitors to America. A judge of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick was returning to his post, and a Presbyterian clergyman of Halifax was going home after his marriage-tour. A lady of 3 rank was on her way to visit her property in Prince Edward's Island; a R.N. surgeon to join his ship; a Church of England missionary, with his family, to return to his frozen district in Hudson's Bay; Viscount and Lady Amberley to study American institutions. At our table we had partizans of slavery from the South, zealous Emancipationists from Boston, adventurers of California and the Far West, and one young man who seemed to live only to eat, and whose performances and comments on the food approached the very sublime of absurdity, and formed some diversion from the monotonous grinding and grumbling of the screw beneath.

A clergyman from Boston addressed me with a frankness characteristic of his country, and bade me thus early “Welcome to America.” Another gentleman, pleasantly accosting me, said there was a doctor on board, so he hoped many would be ill. I asked why? “Because every man should have employment.” “Then,” said I, “many should be hung because there is such a man as Jack Ketch.” He bowed, and said, “I hope you won't hang me, sir!” Though I had the best of the logic, I complimented him on his sharpness of *repartee* , and prudently beat a retreat. 4 The ship was beginning to pitch, and I went forward to enjoy

the waves and the fresh breeze, but was at once warned off the foredeck by the officer, who said, “she may dive and ship a sea.” “But I could hold on?” “No, you couldn't!” I acted on the advice, though there was no sign of danger. I heard many anecdotes during the voyage of accidents which had occurred to passengers through disobedience to orders of which they could not see the reason. A lady had gone to the upper-deck during rough weather, and was standing near the wheel-house. The officer begged her to descend, but she refused. Presently the stern “dived,” and had he not rushed to her and “held on” with her she would have been washed overboard by the wave, which half drowned her. A gentleman had lately persisted in sitting on the bridge projecting over the side, in spite of the remonstrance of the junior officer, and, on the vessel lurching, fell over and was tom in pieces by the screw. I have often seen similar foolhardiness on the Alps. Those who are most accustomed to dangers are best able to judge as to what is prudent, and half the accidents which occur are attributable to the folly of the victims.

We were favoured with a cabin on deck, the second 5 officer's. This is a great advantage, especially in the summer. We were away from the crowd of passengers below, could open our window and breathe the fresh air, and could step out at once upon deck. Each of us had just room to lie flat without turning; and between the two shelf-beds there was barely room for one of us to stand; taking turns at dressing. We awoke on Sunday morning in Queenstown Harbour, the lovely Cove of Cork, with its fortified crags, its green hills, and crystal water in which every cloudlet was mirrored. Here we waited a few hours for the mail, and some of the passengers took the opportunity to go ashore. I had been told that on the Cunard ships no clergymen but those who were of the Episcopal church were ever allowed to conduct divine worship, and that thus I must needs have an enforced rest during the voyage. It seemed scarcely credible that so absurd and sectarian a restriction could be imposed in any ship traversing the ocean. If men must be exclusive on shore, and never worship but in their own favourite church, surely, when thrown together on the sea, they may meet to pray to their common Father. Especially would such a restriction be odious in vessels passing between England and a country 6 where no established church

is recognized, and where the great majority repudiate Episcopacy. It was at any rate my duty to offer to conduct service when there was no appearance of any preparation for it. I therefore spoke to the captain, who said that generally, when in port, there was no service; but, if it were wished, he would give orders accordingly. So the saloon was arranged for service, the bells were rung, and a large company assembled. I read the beautiful and comprehensive Litany of the Church of England; we joined in singing a familiar hymn, my friend offered an extempore prayer, and then a short sermon was preached. By consent of the captain an evening service was held, when our Episcopalian missionary, the Rev. J. Horden, read the evening prayers. By request of many passengers, services were held every evening, and on the following Sunday, in which English and Americans, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, clergymen and laymen, took part. Whatever were our differences, none were exhibited, none were felt. We were fellow-voyagers on a greater ocean than the Atlantic, and knew that there was but one life-boat, though large enough for all mankind, that could carry us safely across. Alas! that Christian people should 7 take such pains to make others think they are utterly divided from each other, and should themselves lose the benefit and pleasure of recognizing and cherishing that love and likeness to the same Lord which makes them one.

Monday, 19 *th.* —Roused up by a book falling on my head from the shelf above. Saw coats, &c., swinging violently. A sudden lurch of the ship sent all our moveables to the floor, where they writhed about in great confusion. Looked out of window and saw the waves tossing their crests above the bulwarks, and every now and then flinging their spray upon deck. Felt disposed to lie still till luncheon. Met very few of our fellow-passengers at the tables, which had guards along the edges and down the middle, to keep the plates and glasses from being thrown off. The day was uneventful. It was very pleasant and very suggestive, during the night of storm, to hear the bells strike the hour on deck, and to listen to the cry of the watch thrice repeating, “All's well!”

Tuesday, 20 *th.* —Pleasant walking on deck, watching the deep indigo waves with their snowy crests. From stem to stern of the ship I counted one hundred and forty good paces.

Let me try to describe the 8 deck. There is a row of structures along it, leaving room for two people to pass between them and the bulwarks. Next the stem is the wheel-house, where, the quarter-masters steer, protected from the weather, and having a window through which they can look along the upper deck. Then come, in succession, the large saloon, pantries, smoking-house, engine-house, officers' cabins, and fore saloon. Then follows the post-office, with its pigeon-holes all round, where the Post-master and his assistant are occupied the entire voyage in sorting the letters for their various destinations in the Western world. Beyond this is the forecastle, with the seamen's quarters. Above these is the upper deck, affording a grand promenade. Behind the roof of the wheel-house is the taffrail, where I often used to sit with my back to the ship, seeing only the sky and the great ocean, with the long wake we made. At night this troubled water was often sparkling with phosphorescent stars. In the day-time we used to watch the sea-birds which wheeled about in mystic dances, sometimes sweeping across the top of a wave, as if in quest of food, sometimes soaring high up in the air, sometimes hovering over the deck, apparently motionless, sometimes settling on the water and dropping 9 far astern, then with a fleetness that seemed to mock our slower progress, overtaking the great ship that, with one even pace and unvarying course, ploughed her way onward. As these birds flew backward, upward, sideways, and in circles, it was difficult to remember that all the time they were also sailing onwards with us at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles an hour. Their motion suggested the true idea of the Christian life, which should combine all that is lawful and innocent in the present, with a constant progress towards the future life; unlike the ascetic who keeps, or thinks he keeps, one dull straight line; unlike the worldling who sweeps upward and downward and around, but makes no progress onward.

I noticed how orders are given. The officer on duty passes the word to the boatswain, whose whistle summons the men, and who tells them what to do, and then marks the time of their pulling by his whistle; then, by a sort of final flourish or shake, he bids them “fasten on.” There is always something interesting going forward. Often in the day they “heave the log.” A line Aline is attached to it, divided by coloured knots into distances, which bear the

same proportion to a nautical mile as the time of emptying the sand-glass, 10 which the officer holds, bears to an hour. At a given signal the “log” is let go, and the line runs out; then, when the sand has run through, another signal stops the line. The number of knots which have run out show the number of miles per hour which the ship is then making. This day, with wind astern, we made fourteen knots; afterwards the wind got round to the westward, and we sailed “very near” to it, making only thirteen.

The correction of the time was a daily event. As we were travelling westward, or with the sun, we kept him longer above us than if we were stationary. In other words he came later to the meridian, that is, our noon was every day retarded. The captain, by observations and calculation announced daily the moment of noon. The ship's clock, by that time about half an hour in advance, was then put right. At 8 o'clock the bells on deck we are struck 8 times; at 8.30 once; at 9 twice; and so on till, at 11.30, seven bells sound; but eight bells are not struck till the captain gives the true noon, so that the last “bell” prior to noon is a whole hour, when going at the rate of about 300 miles daily. To-day at noon, watches set at Liverpool pointed to 1.30. At every eight bells, 11 or four hours, the watch changes, half the crew being on duty at a time. That all may share alike as regards night-work, the afternoon watch is divided, and called the “dog-watch.” At four bells, or 6 P.M., the watch is changed, and again at eight bells, or 8 P.M., so that those who on one night are on duty from midnight to 4 A.M., are below at the same time the next night.

I have often felt that writers take for granted too much knowledge in their readers, and therefore, I venture to presume that there may be some who will not object to an explanation of these very simple but interesting matters.

Wednesday, 21 *st.* —Feeding is a great institution during the voyage, and the many meals give pleasant opportunities to the passengers for friendly reunions. The breakfast-bell rings at 8.30, when a varied and abundant table is spread. Luncheon at noon. Dinner of first-class quality at 4. Tea at 7. Supper at 9.30. The sea-air and exercise on deck enabled many to do justice to every opportunity. After a day or two, the passengers are drawn

together by kindred affinities, and form pleasant coteries on deck. Politics are discussed here, philosophy yonder, and in a third 12 group narratives of travel are given, and tales of the sea. Some are musical. Others spend hours in the cabin at cards.

I heard some characteristic anecdotes of our captain. I had been warned against the Cuba, because he was so taciturn he would not talk to the passengers. “For that reason,” said I, “I am decided on going with him, for he is more likely to attend to his own business—the safety of the ship.” I found him a very courteous gentleman, ready to oblige any one, but certainly he did not love redundancy of words, nor encourage questions. One day, on the return voyage, a heavy sea struck us while we were at breakfast, cups and spoons flew across the saloon, and the floor was several inches deep in water. The captain sat immovable, looked very stern, and, with a rare communicativeness, muttered something about the blundering of the steersman. A passenger of rank, not catching what he said, unfortunately asked across the table: “What was it, captain? ”The answer was prompt and emphatic—“The sea, sir!” Passing through the fogs off Newfoundland, a lady asked him whether it was always foggy there, and received this reply: “Don't know, ma'am; don't live here!”

13

We were now nearly a thousand miles from land. Saw two vessels, about four miles off, the first we had met. Porpoises were rolling; and at a distance the spouting of whales was pointed out. In the evening we entered a dense fog, and the fog-whistle screeched terribly. I remarked to one of the officers that a vessel in our path would have a poor chance. He said: “Last trip we brought over an old admiral, who said that one day as he leant over the taffrail of his ship, he saw two masts rise up and go down. Though the men on the look-out had seen and felt nothing, they had sunk a vessel.” My informant was once coming up the channel in a clipper, with two hundred passengers, on a dark night. He suddenly saw a schooner under his bows, but too late to avoid going over her. The ship was put about and boats lowered, but nothing was seen or heard of the poor schooner. The passengers were all roused up by the shock, and they feared the ship was sinking, but on examination

she had not received the slightest damage. I was told that the mail-packets did not slacken speed because of fogs. “May you turn aside to help a ship in distress?” “Yes—not to take it in tow, but only to put persons on board, or to take a crew off a wreck: 14 and we must be quick about it. Her Majesty's mails, must not be delayed.”

Thursday, 22 *nd.* —Wind in our teeth. Only eleven knots. The boatswain's mate accosted me as an old acquaintance—he had heard me preach amidst the mountains of Wales. In the evening our friend of the Church Missionary Society gave an interesting lecture on his field of labour. He had been there fourteen years, dependent chiefly for provisions on a ship visiting the station once a year. His district extended over several hundred miles, and he visited it in a sledge drawn by dogs, often sleeping in the open air in a temperature below zero. He had reduced to writing the language of the natives. The company assembled were much impressed with Mr. Horden's evident sincerity and disinterested zeal, and collected about £20, to furnish his family with some additional comforts in their dreary frost-bound outpost. What but Christianity has ever prompted men of culture to spend their lives amongst savages, simply for the purpose of doing them good? The Gospel presents the highest ends, creates the strongest motives, and thus best cures the secondary objects of civilization also.

Friday, 23 *rd.* —“Where's the wind to-day?” A 15 seaman answered, “Where it should be.” It was dead against us, and thus the sails could not be used, and the sailors had little to do. From what different points of view we look at the same thing! We were only going ten knots, and were sorry. Jack was glad.

There was a lively discussion at breakfast. A Southerner said: “Your fanatics of Massachusetts caused the rebellion.” Northerner: “There's a higher law than the Constitution. I saw a fugitive slave captured at Boston, and the magistrates could only get rowdies and cut-throats to do the job.” S.: “You, at Boston, were the rebels, then.” N. H.: “They were asserting their own state-rights; their law that every man belonged to himself.” S.: “You should have been a Southerner, standing up for state-rights.” N. H.: “Here's the

difference; at Boston it was state-rights and God; at Charleston it was state-rights and the devil.” S.: “Why don't you Northerners let the South come back easy? because you want to keep the power.” N.: “We want guarantees for good behaviour.” S.: “They would not attempt to re-establish slavery.” N. H. “But they would repudiate.” S.: “That's so.”

The evening was glorious. Without a cloud to obscure 16 it, the sun's disc dipped beneath the clear sealine. Then the lustrous stars came out. Jupiter cast a long reflection on the rippled surface of the sea. It was cold as winter. I walked the deck with one of the officers, who amused me with his yarns. He was once wrecked off the Fern Islands, in a fog. Within five minutes of striking, the ship disappeared. Escaping in boats, the crew were received by Grace Darling's father. He said that when a ship is sinking the sailors rush to the spirit-cask, having a notion that it is a good thing to die drunk. A ship in danger was a very hell, for the men uttered awful oaths, and if the spirits were not thrown overboard, they would get mad, and stab each other. He told me a curious coincidence. Two women married two Cunard sailors, who both fell from the mast during the same voyage, and were killed. The widows married again, and their husbands sailed in the same ship. One of them, in New York, fell from the fore-yard, and, while falling, thought of his predecessor's fate. He was caught in a sail, but was disabled for life. Two days after, the other man fell from the main-yard and was killed. The two women were again widows. There was a saying among the men, “Beware of a Cunard widow.”

17

Saturday, 24 *th.* —Inspected the machinery. Admired the exact regularity with which every piston and wheel worked, though the ship was rolling. Noticed the contrivance for shutting off the steam from the screw when lifted by the waves out of the water; also the multiplying wheel for conveying motion to the spindle of the screw. There are twenty-four furnaces, twelve on each side. Wonderful that such a body of fire can be maintained in the midst of the water, and yet not consume the ship! The daily consumption of coal is 84 tons.

The stokers, thirty in number, are divided into three bands, each working four hours, and resting eight.

After breakfast a mock trial was got up in the saloon. We had three judges on board. One of these was arrayed in a flowing wig made of rope-yarn by the sailors. The sheriff used a broom-handle for his staff of office. An English and an American barrister pleaded against each other in the cause “Mud-lark v. Sea-horse,” damages being sought for defamation of character in charging the plaintiff with stealing eggs. Very clever and very funny were some of the objections of counsel, and the rulings of the court. The oath administered concluded with “So C 18 help me Andrew Johnson.” The plaintiff introduced a novelty by calling on a witness for a song, which revived attention, and was thought to conciliate the jury. The defendant counteracted the influence by treating them to champagne!

The young man next us at table, already alluded to, never flagged in his interest in the ceremony of dinner.]Poor steward! “George” this, “George” that, was unceasing. “George! cut me a piece of beef—near the bone! Ah! he's cutting it near the bone, just where I told him; isn't it nice?” “George! some white-meated fowl!” “White-meated fowl gone, sir.” “Tut-tut-tut! sausages, then, George.” “Sausages go with the turkey.” “Turkey, then, and sausages, George.” “Turkey, gone, sir.” “Tut-tut-tut; we've had nothing—can get no dinner!” Tables all the while covered with endless variety of joints and *entrees* .

In the afternoon we visited the seamen in the forecastle, during the “dog-watch.” As this only lasts two hours, it is not long enough for sleeping, and is spent in getting tea, reading, &c. And as at six o'clock the watch is changed, by going at about 5.30 we saw all the men within the hour. We found a sailor dancing 19 a Highland fling to the notes of two fiddles. Was this a difficulty in the way of our intended religious visit? By no means. We praised both the fiddlers and the athlete. Then my friend told a thrilling tale of shipwreck, with here and there an important lesson. The men dropped their papers, or ceased their card-playing, or hastily finished their tea and clustered round their visitors. Other tales followed; then we sang a hymn, and asked them to join in chorus. They begged us to

repeat our visit. The next day we chatted with them familiarly, and again told them tales; my friend also gave them a poetical recitation, and when we ended with prayer, manly tears were in the eyes of many of these rough sailors. They quite looked for us during the dog-watch, and it was to us not the least pleasant hour of the day. All men are accessible if you approach them aright, and the wondrous story of God's love always strikes a chord in the human heart. It was very pleasant to watch the kindly faces of those men as we passed them on deck, and to feel their hearty grasp when we parted.

Land, land, land! on the starboard bow, about four miles off. Cape Race was seen through the haze. We passed many fishing-smacks on the “Banks.” 20 The captain was very vigilant on the bridge, guiding us amidst the little vessels. We have “made” 1800 miles from land to land in six days, and are three hours behind Liverpool time.

Judge Wilmot conducted evening worship. He told me he had been a Sunday-school teacher 25 years, and that his work with the children was his rest and refreshment after his judicial toils. He said, “My heart leaps within me at the thought of meeting my children in the school: how pleased they will be with the box of books I have got for them!” Speaking of the Bible as suited for children, he said: “There are mysteries; but the great truths are on the surface. A man may not be able to calculate the distance of the sun, but he may enjoy the light of it; so without understanding the science of theology, little children may enjoy the truths of the science, and often pick up the substance which others neglect.”

Sunday, 25 *th.* —Morning and evening service as before; clergymen of different Churches taking part. Also visited the sailors. Hymn-singing on deck late at night.

Monday, 26 *th.* —Land! It is the main coast of America. It looks low, with white houses here and 21 there on the shore, and forests beyond. By a narrow opening we enter the capacious harbour of Halifax. It is a straggling, dull-looking town, with several church-spires, and a turf-covered citadel above. We fired two guns, and were soon alongside. A crowd awaited us. Here several of our passengers left. We walked to the citadel, and had

a fine view of the ocean, bay, town, and surrounding hills covered with forests. Most of the houses are wooden, the streets irregularly paved, the shops bad. As we walked, the land reeled! Accustomed to the ship, we felt firm when on board, and now, on shore, seemed as if we should fall. In three hours, having delivered and received the mails, and taken on board some fresh passengers, we were again under weigh. Among the new arrivals was my friend, Mr. Cyrus Field, of Atlantic Telegraph fame, with Mrs. Field. He had just come from Newfoundland. Thence he had sent a message to Ireland. “Three cheers for Mrs. Field.” The answer was instantaneous: “Not three, but three times three; and here goes.” At New York he had received a telegram of a speech delivered one evening by Mr. Gladstone, who got Mr. Field's message of thanks on his breakfast-table next morning. No angry message had yet 22 been sent across. This telegraph is also a “Broadway” between the nations. Along it may myriads of messages yearly pass, all tending to promote “Peace on earth and good-will towards men!”

Tuesday, 27 *th.* —On deck before it was light. Saw a glorious sunrise—the last before landing. There was a state dinner on occasion of the termination of our voyage. I was asked to give thanks to God for our safety. Then toasts were given to the Captain, to Mr. Field, and others, which were duty acknowledged. British and American songs were sung: “God save the Queen,” “Hail! Columbia,” “John Brown,” &c., &c. The Americans were full of enthusiasm, and displayed several small banners of the Stars and Stripes. My friend and I had a farewell meeting with the sailors, several of whom shed tears at parting. It was now dusk, and we were entering the narrow channel of Boston Harbour. We fired rockets and signal-guns, and then the anchor was let go. We saw indistinct glimpses of a great city, with its many lights. But it was too late to land.

Wednesday, 28 *th.* —Boston. Nothing particular to notice. We might have been in an English sea-port. There was a great bustle, getting up luggage, and passengers 23 saying farewell. We were glad to have arrived, but were sorry to break up the happy associations we had formed. The Broadway from England had been traversed very easily, swiftly, safely, and pleasantly. There had been very little sickness, no quarrelling, much rest and

reinvigoration, a great deal of delightful intercourse, and friendships formed which might tend to gladden the remainder of life's longer voyage. I venture to say, in conclusion, to all who want health, instruction, pleasure, *Try the Broadway!*

CHAPTER II. FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

Hospitality of Americans—Boston—Newton——American Elm—Hotel Charges—Newport —Noah's Ark Steamers—Hudson River—Washington Irving—West Point—Use your Intellect—Catskill Mountains—Bears and Wolves—John Brown—Saratoga—Classic Nomenclature—Trenton—Rochester—“Water-Falls.”

MY very first impression of America was one which was constantly renewed during my visit. I refer to its generous hospitality. Going on deck very early in the morning of August 28th, a letter was put into my hand from a gentleman who was waiting to welcome us, and to convey us at once to the house of his friend Mr. Claflin, the Lieut.-Governor of Massachusetts, who had invited us to make his house at Newtown our home. The writer stated that, as a stranger, he went one Sunday morning to my church in the time of my predecessor; that he was at once accommodated with a seat, and after service was introduced to the pastor, the Rev. James Sherman, who entertained him at his house; and that 25 now, after nearly twenty years, the first opportunity had occurred of returning the kindness which he had then received. Thus I reaped what another had sown. I was constantly being impressed with the grateful feelings which Americans cherish for any act of courtesy paid to them over here. They love the Old Country, and rejoice to find themselves at home in it; and they are ready to repay, in double measure, any hospitality they may receive, as it is their pleasure to offer it without any idea of recompense.

At the custom-house, the head-officer, quite a young man, was accosted as “General.” He politely let our luggage pass without examination. A “hackney-coach,” like an old-fashioned state-carriage, on big, high wheels, and with a third and central seat inside, conveyed us to the Tremont Hotel, where we had breakfast, and deposited our luggage till next morning.

Then our new friend, “Deacon Kimbal,” showed us all Boston—libraries, schools, churches —in a couple of hours. Our plan was to return and spend a week here; but it would have been ungenerous and useless to remonstrate. Bostonians are justly proud of their city and its institutions, and naturally wish Old-Englanders to admire the New-England metropolis. Then 26 off by train to Newtown, a delightful suburban village, composed of the summer residences of the Bostonians. The country is very undulating, and is richly wooded. The Lieut.-Governor was waiting for us at the “Depot,” as the railway station is called, and drove us to his comfortable mansion, where Mrs. Claflin gave us a most hearty welcome.

Our host took us a delightful drive, somewhat marred by another “first impression” not so pleasant as others. Some tipsy men were driving in front of us, covering us with dust. When we tried to pass them, they galloped their horse, to keep in front; when we walked, to allow them to get forward, they walked also, by their jeers and laughter showing their motive. The same cause produces the same effects all over the world. I could not be severe, for I was reminded of similar or worse scenes in the neighbourhood of London; and I thought of the young English surgeon who had come across with us in the *Cuba* , and who had been several days in *delirium tremens* , and had been sent to a hospital in Boston, with little hope that his life would be saved. We need not cast reproaches on each other; rather let all good citizens combine in wise but zealous efforts 27 to diminish a vice so opposed to national prosperity and so productive of social misery.

All around us were villa-residences, each in its well-timbered enclosure, conveying an idea of unostentatious prosperity and home comfort. Here and there, on the summit of the hills, we caught extensive views of Boston Bay, the distant city, and a vast expanse of foliage, from which peeped out, far and near, some indication of pleasant New England homes. We were specially interested in looking at handsome church, erected on the very spot where Elliot first began to preach in the forest-wilds to the native Indians.

We spent a delightful evening. Several neighbours came in, and talked of the Old Country and of the New, the late war, emancipation, the state of religion, the progress of the

Gospel. The household gathered round the old family Bible. We read together the dear familiar words; emphatically musical in America, where so many modern alterations have been introduced into the language. We sang hymns, and sang them to tunes the common property of both sides. We prayed for blessings on both sections of the one great English family. We forgot that a broad ocean 28 rolled between us. We could not feel that we were strangers who, that day, had landed in the country for the first time. New England was Old England over again. We felt, more than ever, that war between us would be specially unnatural and wicked.

How pleasant was the spacious white bed after the narrow crib of the ship! How delicious was the quiet after the rumbling of machinery and the tossing of waves! While I was dressing, a squirrel climbed up the trunk of an elm which grew close to the window and looked in at me, nodding his welcome.

The American elm—what a grand and graceful tree it is! How beautifully its branches spring upwards, and then bend over all around, and what a pleasant shade it makes! It is the glory, not alone of American woods, but of American cities too. Who that has seen the grand specimens of it round about Harvard University, at Cambridge, or walked beneath its many avenues at New Haven, can ever forget it? If Americans may envy us our British oak, and the ivy clinging to it, we may envy them their elm, which some might think it almost worth the voyage to see, study, and sketch.

After breakfast we left with much regret, our hospitable 29 friends, who kindly urged us to prolong our stay. Returning to Boston, we went to the Tremont Hotel for our luggage, and to pay for our *dejeuner* of the preceding day. We put down two sovereigns, with some notion of doing the thing grandly, but expecting more than half back again. To our surprise we were told there was no balance. The charge was thirteen dollars. We remonstrated, explaining that we had merely taken breakfast, washed, and left our luggage, and that if this was the usual style of charge, we were glad to be so soon aware of it, as we should have to make some alteration in our plans, so as not to exceed our resources. The

manager said, “Our charge is six dollars and a half a day, for each person. You might have had all your meals if you liked. You used a room, and you left your luggage in it.” We explained that we had asked simply for breakfast, and for the use of a room to wash in, with a request that the luggage might be taken care of till next day. Then I thought I might learn a lesson of Yankee 'cuteness, so I said, “You have no right to charge for *two* persons: suppose I came for a day, and invited my friend to breakfast with me?” This view of the matter led to a consultation 30 between the officials, which, resulted in their charging for one day's board, with an extra breakfast, reducing the payment to twenty-six shillings. It was an instructive and amusing incident. I had often felt ashamed of the high rates sometimes levied on Americans in English hotels; and pride of country made me glad that this vice of high charges was characteristic of a class, and not of a nation. Moreover, I reflected that much of which we complain is the result of our own ignorance; for if I had better informed myself of the customs of American hotels, I should have paid for my breakfast at the time I took it, and delivered the luggage to the bureau. Have not many destructive wars with foreign nations had such an origin—especially when the aggressors vaunt their superior cultivation, and complain of insult or injury on the part of the “barbarian”?

We took the “cars” to Newport, a delightful summer watering-place, about two hours south of Boston. All round the rocky shore, on which the Atlantic grandly breaks, are large and handsome mansions of the merchants of New York. These, in the “pride of humility,” are designated *cottages* . Expressing my surprise at the small number of visitors at the hotel 31 where we dined, the waiter replied, “Oh! this year all the gaiety's in the cottages:” meaning that all the visitors were staying at private houses.

We took the night-steamer to New York. The vessel resembled a floating hotel, or the Noah's Ark familiar in the nursery, more than a ship. Imagine a vast barge, with a house of two storeys built upon it, and on the top of all the funnel and wheel for steering. The sleeping-berths are arranged down the sides of the upper decks, the interiors being used as drawing-rooms, reading-rooms, &c. The main deck is occupied by luggage, engine-

room, and stores. Below this main deck, on which you enter from the pier, are the dining and refreshment saloons. The fittings were superb—polished mahogany, and gilding and painting, and rich carpets and luxurious sofas. There were sleeping-apartments for several hundred persons—not narrow berths, but cozy little bedrooms. The chief objection to me was a sense of imprisonment: for there was no getting outside—no upper deck accessible—the flat roof of the floating mansion being shut off from the passenger. All the cabins were engaged, but very comfortable truckle beds were made in one of the saloons for the surplus passengers. When we awoke 32 we were entering the North River, abounding in rocks and islands. From below we noticed that the wheel was at the head of the vessel, connected by chains with the rudder. Six men were steering, the pilot standing in front, and close to the wheel, so that he was better able both to see what was ahead and at once to give directions to the steersmen, than when the wheel is astern. Very sudden twists and turns the vessel had to make in order to avoid striking the rocks. Now entering a wider channel, we had New York on our right, and Brooklyn, its gigantic suburb or rival, on our left.

As we were to revisit New York, we merely went from the wharf where we landed to the station of the Hudson River boat, a few minutes' walk. I carried my portmanteau in my hand, but parted with it—more from benevolence than self-indulgence—to a boy who evidently wanted to earn a penny. When we reached the boat I felt I was doing the thing handsomely by offering him what was equivalent to sixpence. He indignantly tossed it back. My first impulse was to pocket the insult; but on second thoughts I determined not to let the lad suffer from his loftiness, especially as I had been so short a time in the 33 country; so I turned back to give him what was equivalent to a shilling. He just condescended to take it, evidently thinking he had conferred the obligation. I mentioned this to a person who kept a “book-store” on deck, and he replied, “Quite right; we make no account of money in this country; we get it easy and spend it easy; money's of no worth; everything is dear, and so every one must charge dear. If you ask me to take care of that bag while you go to dinner, I shall charge you half a dollar.”

We had come round by New York solely for the purpose of going to Niagara by way of the Hudson River, one of the most remarkable streams in the world for picturesque scenery. It is above three hundred miles long, receiving above the city of Troy the waters of the Mohawk, which at that spot is as large as itself. It is a tidal river for one hundred and sixty miles, and is so far navigable by steam-boats and large sailing-vessels. For about twenty-five miles the river is a mile wide. Afterwards it contracts and deepens, passing through a narrow defile in “the Highlands.” The rocky cliffs which rise abruptly from the forest-clothed banks, the beautiful villas and rich cultivation, the lofty hills springing more than a D 34 thousand feet from the water's edge, the continually shifting scene as you turn the bends of the river, the view occasionally presented of distant mountains and the thriving cities, lovely solitudes and interesting historic scenes you pass, render a sail up the Hudson a pleasure never to be forgotten, and which no visitor to America should miss.

The river was named from Henry Hudson, who discovered it in 1609, or rather first ventured to ascend and explore it. It is boasted that, on the Hudson, steam was used for the first time as a propelling power on the water. The vessel while building was called “Fulton's Folly”; crowds assembled to deride the failure; and when it really moved and went up as far as Albany, men doubted if the thing could ever be done again, or if so, whether it could ever become of any great value. And this was only sixty years ago! What may not be the developments of the next sixty years at the same ratio?

On the left we passed the “Pallisades”; rocks resembling Salisbury crags, and extending several miles. Twenty-six miles from New York, on our right, was Tarrytown, where Andre was captured; and about two miles inland, on the stream which here enters the 35 Hudson, is the scene of Washington Irving's “Legend of Sleepy Hollow.” Not far off, on the very brink of the river, is “Sunnyside,” the house where he resided, and which remains in the same state as when he died. I afterwards visited it, and was very courteously received by two Misses Irving, nieces of the author. They showed me his study, his favourite retreat, some of his books, and original sketches illustrating various scenes in his writings. West

Point is about fifty miles from New York. Here the hills close up on both sides, leaving but a narrow channel for the river. This was the stronghold of the Americans during the War of Independence. Remains of forts are to be seen at different points, where severe struggles took place. Arnold was in command here when he turned traitor and arranged with Andre for the delivery of the post to the British.

We landed at West Point, and at once climbed the hill to the ruins of Fort Putnam, about 600 feet above the water. We were well repaid by the charming view of the river flowing down through the richly wooded crags. The United States Government have their military college at West Point. Once a year the cadets live in camp, and on occasion of striking the 36 tents there is an illumination, with various sports. It was to take place that very evening; so we resolved to stay and witness it. We found very pleasant quarters at Cozen's Hotel, situated about 200 feet immediately over the river, and close to a pretty cascade called the “Buttermilk Falls,” visible from the steamer.

In connection with this camp-illumination I received another first “impression,” and a very useful lesson. The distance from the hotel was about two miles. I walked forward alone. The road was wide and well frequented, but the overshadowing trees and the absence of the moon rendered it very dark. Not wishing to be run over by the numerous vehicles driving to the camp, I took the footpath by the side, equally well defined and well frequented. I could not suspect any danger, or any need of caution in so public a thoroughfare. But suddenly I trod on nothing, and was falling forwards into space. Happily, I was soon arrested, and found myself in a deep narrow trench. There was a rock which my forehead had brushed, and which might have brought my tour in America to a sudden termination. I was thankful to find no limb broken, though my right wrist gave me considerable 37 pain. I scrambled up, and discovered that a trench was being made for laying down pipes, and though cut along the public path, the workmen, had gone away without taking any precaution whatever to prevent passengers falling in. Within a few yards I came to a sentry on duty, and told him of my mishap. “Umph!” “But should not a lamp be put, there, or a railing?” “Umph!” “But others may tumble too, and may possibly

be killed?" "Umph!" I felt I had discharged my duty, and went forward to the camp, where I was amused by the innocent frolics of the youths, and their lamps and bonfires., Next morning I found my wrist swollen, and I had to carry my arm in a sling for a week. At breakfast I mentioned the circumstance to an American who inquired what ailed me. His remark was peculiar: "Oh, you Britishers—you've no intellects!" "Indeed!" said I; "pray sir, what do you mean?" "Why, in your country there would have been a lamp and a rail." "Just so," I answered, "and that I think is a proof that we *have* intellects." "You don't see what I mean: you don't *use* your intellects. Why, if such a thing were to happen in your country, I guess you'd bring an action against the man who left the road like 38 that. You'll get no damages in *this* country, I tell you. In your country, if a man asks me to go down a mine with him, I go at once without question. But if asked to do so here, I first look at the basket, and the rope, and the engine, and see that all's right before I trust my life to him. In your country they take care of you without your having to take care of yourself. In this country you must use your intellect, sir! Take my advice—use your intellect!"

I was often reminded of this caution. The railways cross the common roads on a level, but there are no signal men to warn of danger. The engine-driver has a great bell, which he is expected to ring when he approaches a crossing, and a board is put up at the spot with this notice—"When the bell rings, look out for the cars!" Travellers are expected to use their intellects—nevertheless accidents are of constant occurrence. At Chicago the pavement is in many places raised several feet above the roadway, and at night it might often happen that strangers would have an awkward tumble through fancying they might step easily over to a shop on the other side, if they did not *use their intellect* . I saw many notices to passengers stuck up in railway cars and on steamboats, but I saw no 39 attempt to enforce the warning regulations, all people being supposed to have intellects and use them, or take the consequences. In a comparatively new country the same precautions can scarcely be looked for as in an old one. Certainly if life is not regarded as less valuable in America, it is guarded with less care.

Saturday, August 31.—We had a delightful ramble by the side of the waterfall, and then took the boat up-river, and after winding through beautiful scenery, and passing many thriving towns and villages, landed at Catskill, for the purpose of spending Sunday at the Catskill, Mountain House, a favourite summer resort. On the coach which was to drag us up I had some interesting conversation. A “Copperhead” complained that they had not as much liberty under their republic as the Britishers had under a monarchy; spoke spitefully of the “Nigger-lovers,” and was angry that the South was not being received back again at once. A young man was going to the mountain who had been born and had lived almost all his life within seven miles of it, yet had never been there before. He had served in the artillery during the war his brigade entered 2,900 strong, but only 900 came out; they had been 40 six weeks without rations, and lived as they could; they fought up the Shenandoah valley, then had to retreat, and many died starvation; then, reinforced, they returned and cleared the valley out; he had gone to the front with the colours, when they got riddled with shot, while he was not scratched; he got tipsy, and stayed away fourteen days, then returned and reported himself, but was tried as a deserter, and had thirty dollars pay stopped; there was no flogging in the army, but they sometimes tied offenders up by the thumbs, the toes just touching the ground, for about twenty minutes; it was great suffering; he had heard strong men shriek and beg to be let down; a very stout man in their regiment, when tied up, begged very hard, and when let down, died within the hour. Very few people are left who defend flogging in time of peace; but if this account is correct, it may be a question whether, if some short, sharp discipline is needed in the open field during war, this thumb-tying is less objectionable. Our coachman had also been a soldier, and had taken part in several battles. I heard tales of the bears that haunt the mountains, and the copper-head snakes, and how the rattlesnakes coil and spring several yards, and then coil again, and anecdotes 41 were given of the virulence of their poison. We were four hours going the twelve miles, a continual climb along a very rough road, over which the coach occasionally reeled and jumped. Nearly all the way was through a grand old forest. In a sort of amphi-theatre a small house of refreshment is ensconced, named after Rip Van Winkle, this being the supposed scene of his long slumber. It was late when,

through the densely dark shadows of the forest, we emerged on an open space, and found ourselves at the door of the “Mountain House,” where, to our astonishment, we were greeted by a number of friends whom we had never seen, but who had somehow heard we were coming, and whose cordial welcome, with that of the generous landlord and his wife, made us feel at once that we were at home.

Our first Sunday in America was a most pleasant one. I was up very early to see the sun rise over the vast landscape before us. From an elevation, of several thousand feet we looked down over the valley of the Hudson. Thick forests clothed the sides of the mountains. The cultivated plain was well wooded, and studded everywhere with farms and villages. In the centre was the noble river, seen for many miles till 42 it lost itself in the defiles of the Highlands, now far away on our right. We were told we could see 150 miles, from East to West, and 70 towards the North, where the view was bounded by the mountains of Vermont. We stood on a precipitous ridge of pudding-stone rocks, bearing marks of glacier action. Never to be forgotten was the effect of the morning light gradually stealing over the vast expanse. Now a village, now a farm came out of shadow into sunshine; now a wooded hill caught the glory, now the noble river sparkled into new life, and the white sails of its many vessels shone again. Words of mine are vain to give an idea of the scene. What a vast region so recently rescued from barbarism; the abode of law, civilization, industry, freedom, and religion! a minute portion though of that vast inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon race, where the English nation have a second home in which to develop their institutions, and rejoice in the gifts of Providence.

Nature around was a grand sermon, and testified of God. But it was considered by the landlord and his guests that the admiration of Nature should be a stimulant to worship, not a substitute. There was “family prayer” before breakfast. In the forenoon, 43 church was held in the drawing-room, when Dr. Budington, of Brooklyn, preached a sermon of elaborate beauty to a large congregation of visitors. In the evening my friend and myself were invited to conduct the service. The text was “The Mountain of the Lord's House.” The day closed with sacred music. The congregation comprised clergymen and members

of the various sections of the Church, but there is no such thing as “Church v. Dissent” in America; for as there is no Establishment, there are no Dissenters. Whatever other differences might have existed, they were held in abeyance, and all united in harmonious and happy worship of the same God and Saviour.

The next morning, being pressed to prolong our stay to join a picnic, we started with a large party in waggonettes to visit a famous “clove,” the appropriate name given to the ravines or clefts of this mountain-range. After several hours' drive along a very narrow road through the thick forest, we enjoyed our repast on the brink of a mountain torrent, up the course of which we then climbed to a considerable height, whence we had a superb prospect. Among the trees the fir and maple chiefly abounded, and wild vines and other creeping-plants hung in rich profusion 44 from the branches. Among the ferns I noticed the oak, holly, beech-tree, fragilis, osmunda, and other still more familiar varieties. The ladies were habited suitably for mountaineering, and with their coloured skirts, scarlet jackets, and climbing-poles, formed a cheerful foreground to many a grand picture.

We talked of bears. One gentleman had lately followed a bear's track two miles. Another had come suddenly upon one in his walk, and was prudent enough to turn back without attracting the creature's notice, though bears will seldom attack a human being. We saw one chained up that had been recently caught. The preceding week one was captured near the spot where we had our picnic. There is a bounty on bears and wolves. One of our party lately saw three young wolves which were well fed by their owner. “Why don't you kill them and get the bounty?” “Because they only give half-price for little ones: so I'm feeding them up that they may grow big, and then I shall get double.” An illustration of Yankee 'cuteness. One of our party told of an adventure in Maine, when hunting the Moose-deer. He got separated from his party, lost his way in the forest, and rambled on for thirty miles over snow and ice, followed by several 45 wolves howling on his track. He had no food and was nearly exhausted, but resolved to sell his life dear. Suddenly he heard the

joyful sound of a woodman's axe, and found himself at a small settlement. Round the hut in which he was lodged, the baffled wolves howled all the night.

Patriotic songs were enthusiastically sung, including the inevitable—

John Brown's body lies sleeping in the grave, But his soul goes marching on.

Mr. M., the hero of the wolf-adventure, gave us the following original anecdote of this pioneer of emancipation—“When I was a youth of nineteen, John Brown worked for my father as surveyor, steward, and butler. I one day reproved him for coming into the room with naked arms, but I noticed that they were very fine ones, and I passed a compliment on his muscular development, adding, “You have arms, I have skill; I should like a turn with you.” Brown warned me, saying, “I should give you a black eye in one minute.” “Do,” said I; “I should like to see you.” So we went outside, and I put myself into a first-rate position, thinking of my coming victory. In one moment Brown put out his 46 arm like a battering-ram, and passing all my defences, planted his fist on my eye. Then he quietly said, “Go and get a bit of raw meat at once, and place it on your eye; it will lessen the inflammation.” Mr. M. said that Brown was a very devout and sincere man; spent much time in prayer; was a fanatic, but his death was a martyrdom in stirring the national sympathy, and that many a negro regiment had charged while singing “John Brown.”

It was very late and pitch-dark when we got back. How the horses found their way without upsetting us was a mystery; for we had no lamps, the trees over-shadowed the road, which was very narrow, rough, and sometimes precipitous, and we could not see a yard in advance; but they were Yankee cattle, and I presume “used their intellects.”

The next morning we applied for our account, but the host and his wife persisted in saying, “It is all arranged;” and urged us to repeat our visit and stay a week on the same terms. If some American hotels imitate some English ones in high charges, I fear few English hotels imitate American ones in such hospitality and generous “arrangements.” The guests turned out to wish us adieu. Seldom, in so brief a 47 period, had we made

so many friends. We left them with much regret; only to find everywhere a repetition of similar open-hearted kindness; but we could seldom expect to experience a repetition of such enjoyments; for America has few scenes to compare with the Cat-skill Mountains. A month might easily be spent here in making excursions to the various cloves, summits, and cascades. And we were leaving after two short days! But we had America to see in three short months, and so we were compelled to hurry forward.

We spent a few hours at Saratoga, the Harrogate of America, and saw its enormous hotels and mineral springs. I went here chiefly to see, as I thought, on his death-bed, my friend Mr. John Tappan, the venerable philanthropist, who has spent, a long life in doing good: and here I was greeted with all his large heart's enthusiasm by Dr. Cuyler, known by his words of Christian wisdom in most American homes.

On our way from Saratoga to Niagara we left the train at Utica for the purpose of visiting Trenton, about fifteen miles off, on West Canada Creek, a tributary of the Mohawk river. We engaged a capital 48 “waggon,” (all carriages seemed to be so called), with a pair of spanking trotters, for ten dollars, or about thirty shillings currency. We made our first experience of plank-roads. Sometimes we rolled along with delicious smoothness. Sometimes, where the planks had become uneven, we enjoyed some delightful tossings and jumpings. The country was gently undulating and well cultivated in farms from 100 to 300 acres, each farmer being proprietor as well as cultivator. We passed through several villages, the smallest of which had its church and school-house, the larger having several. Our driver told us that from December to April the whole country is covered with snow, and that the “waggons” are laid up, and sleighs alone employed. The latitude is that of Cannes, or Nice, about 500 miles south of London. The Falls extend about two miles through a forest. The trees overhang the narrow trench through which the swift stream has cut its way. The water, clear and transparent, was of that rich dark brown tint which artists love so well. The sides of the limestone channel vary from 50 to 150 feet in depth. There are several falls, one of them of about 100 feet. I was reminded of the falls of the Clyde, 49 though Trenton is on a smaller scale. I shall never forget the beauty of this river-scene

at sunset—the narrow gorge, the various-coloured rocks, the water rushing, pausing, plunging, reposing, dreaming, awaking, sighing, murmuring, roaring, now sparkling in the sun, now all white with foam, now black beneath the overhanging rocks—and always above, a gorgeous canopy of forest foliage. Yet there were sad and recent associations connected with it; for only a day or two before, a young married couple had been suddenly separated there. The bride, on going up the ledge of rock at the side of the principal Fall, turned to look down, became dizzy, slipped, and in the sight of her husband was whirled away by the torrent.

Willis speaks of Trenton as the most “enjoyable beautiful” spot amongst the romantic scenes of his country. “Niagara is too much, as a roasted ox is a thing to go and look at, though one retires to dine on something smaller.” “Trenton is a sort of alcove aside—a side-scene out of earshot of the crowd—a recess in a window, whither you draw a friend by the button, for the sake of chit-chat at ease.” An American guide-book says, in its own peculiar style: “It seems a river in some inner world, coiled within ours, E 50 as we in the outer circle of the firmament, and laid open by some Titanic throe, that had cracked clear asunder the crust of this shallow earth. The idea is assisted if you happen to see below you, on its abysmal shore, a party of adventurous travellers; for at that vast depth” (rarely 100 feet), “and in contrast with the gigantic trees and rocks, the same number of well-dressed pismires, dressed in the last fashion, and philandering upon your parlour-floor, would be about of their apparent size. and distinctness”!!!

I was somewhat amused to find myself, in this part of our journey, amongst many places of classic renown. Within a comparatively short distance of Utica are the towns of Troy, Rome, Syracuse, Corinth, Macedon, Palmyra, Attica, Ilion. There are other towns, bearing the distinguished names of Cato, Hannibal, Cicero, Tully, Fabius, Manlius, Pompey, Junius, Ovid, Aurelius, Marcellus, Camillus. You might fancy time had rolled back, only you are happily reminded, at intermediate places, of the names of Knox, Byron, La Fayette, Adams, Clarkson, Nelson, and others; and that you may not deceive yourself by fancying you are on the shores of the Mediterranean, or, in fact that you are anywhere in particular,

you come to 51 such places as Greenwich, Geneva, Cambridge, Chili, Walworth, Lima, Bristol, Moscow, Wales, Warsaw, Northampton, Norway, Edinboro', Berlin, York, Pekin, Albion, &c. The reader must bear in mind that these are the names of places in a single and limited district.

We went on by train from Utica, through Rome, Syracuse, Jordan, Lyons, Arcadia, and Macedon to Rochester; though, as it was night, I lost the chance of seeing those renowned places. It was still dark when I left the station, hoping to get a sight of the Falls of the Genesee and save the next train to Niagara. A solitary fruit-store was open, and its bright light attracted me in. I made an early breakfast on a fine peach, and asked the proprietor of the establishment the way to see the waterfall. “Waterfall? why you can't get a waterfall at this time of day—the stores ain't open!” “Perhaps not,” I replied, “but I want you to tell me the way to go and see the waterfall.” “Well, stranger, I tell you again, if you want to buy a waterfall you must wait till the stores open.” At length, my brain, full of one idea, awoke to the mercantile and fashionable idea of *chignon* , of which my store-keeping friend evidently thought more than of 52 the Falls of the Genesee. I loitered about for an hour, when the earliest gleam of dawn enabled me to grope my way towards what *ought to have been* the Falls. And truly, with abundance of water, the Genesee might claim to be a miniature Niagara. The river is broad and falls over a rock of about 100 feet perpendicular, in the very midst of a town of 100,000 inhabitants. But what little water there was now in the river had been diverted for manufacturing purposes, and was coming down the hill-side in several streams, after having done its work about half a mile lower down the river and on the opposite side. The man was right in telling me I should find no water-fall.

CHAPTER III. NIAGARA—THE FALLS.

First Impressions—View Point—The Roar—Goat Island—The Three Sisters—Horse-shoe Fall—Nature's Great Temple—Intelligent Negroes—Tragedies of Niagara—Benediction of a Negress—Indians—Cave of the Winds—Sunrise—Crossing over—Midnight Stroll—The Rainbow.

RATHER than attempt to view imperfectly all the scenes worthy of notice which might lie within our reach, we resolved to devote as many days as possible to the one surpassing natural glory of America. For, like all things really great, Niagara, cannot be known and appreciated by a hurried visit. It will not reveal its glories to those who do not sufficiently honour it to linger reverentially and lovingly on its banks. You must make your home there for awhile, and let your entire body and soul be free and at leisure to receive the impressions it is adapted to produce. You must see it in the blaze of noon, when its mist-clouds are all radiant with rainbows; and at night, when darkness shrouds it with mystery 54 and the quiet stars look down upon its roaring tumult; you must watch it when the first rays of dawn transfigure it with glory, and when the setting sun lingers on the blushing summit of its majestic pillar of foam; you must view it in all aspects; you must view it again and again; you must sit and gaze on it hour by hour, and listen with a disengaged mind to the solemn music of its mighty voice, if you would in any worthy degree feel its fascination and comprehend its greatness.

My first view was from the Suspension Bridge, about two miles below the Falls. Every one had warned me that I should at first be disappointed. I was not surprised at this. Small things and small minds show best on first acquaintance, while what is great continually increases in its impressiveness, because it cannot be all seen at once, and the first view is therefore necessarily a partial one. Who, on his first visit, ever understood the vastness of St. Peter's? Who, on first perusal, ever appreciated the majesty of Milton or the genius of Shakespeare? Who, at the first beholding, ever understood the grandeur of the ocean or of the Alps? So with Niagara. The true conception is composed of a multitude of impressions, which can only be received one by one, and therefore the first 55 must needs be inadequate. I had, however, been so emphatically warned of disappointment, that no such feeling was experienced. That long line of snow-white foam stretching from bank to bank, with the lofty pillar of cloud soaring above it, has left an impression on my mind never to be effaced.

When I reached the hotel on the American side of the cataract, I restrained myself from rushing at once to the scene I had come so far to behold. No, there was a still greater attraction, for letters from home were awaiting me. Then, my heart relieved by knowing all was well with those I had left behind, I thought that due attention to bodily wants would fit me for my first introduction. And I had an absurd notion that it was scarcely respectful to Niagara to be presented as I was, dusty, and jaded with a long night of railway travelling. So I took a bath, changed my attire, breakfasted, and then—with body and mind refreshed —sallied forth to the celebrated “View Point.”

It would be easy to fill pages with rhapsody and notes of admiration. But it is not easy to express in words the feelings produced by gazing on scenes of beauty or grandeur; and it is quite impossible to communicate those feelings to a reader by the mere utterance 56 of them. This is a frequent error in descriptions of scenery. It is better to show the reader what you saw, leaving it to produce in him what feelings it may. In endeavouring to do this I must be pardoned if some particulars are introduced familiar to most of my readers, but which—as essential elements in the picture—could not well be omitted.

We are standing on the extreme edge of a perpendicular precipice about 200 feet deep, over which a river, half a mile wide, is plunging. The vast sheet of water, as it descends, throws out innumerable jets of spray, and is then lost in the clouds of foam which roll up from below. The stream is shallow near the bank, and we see the form and colour of the rocks through its clear, smooth surface, as it curls over. We can hold our walking-stick in the current, and let our nerves vibrate with the pulsations of the great cataract. The fall is divided by Goat Island, which rises about fifty feet from the upper level of the river, and is luxuriant with various forest trees. The lower side of the island—a perpendicular cliff —is in a line with the descending cataract. The stream nearest us forms the “American Fall,” and is about 800 feet in width. The width of the Canadian or Horse-shoe 57 Fall, is about 1,800 feet, or the third of a mile. Both, in an unbroken vertical mass, descend about 160 feet, and at once reunite their waters. Above the great Fall arises a column

of mist to an immense height, swaying about with the wind. I once saw this when thirty miles distant. On the opposite side, the Canadian shore also rises perpendicularly from the bed of the river. The country is flat in every direction, the river above the Falls being level with the forests, whose branches hang over the whirling tide. Below the Falls the river runs through a trench-like channel from 200 to 300 feet deep, and varying from 600 to 1,000 feet wide, obviously cut by the action of the water. About two miles down I see the Suspension Bridge, which carries the railway across, high above the stream. Looking over the precipice I am surprised that the water is not more disturbed. The lower part of the Fall itself is always hidden in a. cloud of foam, immediately outside of which the surface of the river is comparatively smooth. A boat, containing a dozen passengers, is being pulled across by a single oarsman, within drenching distance of the spray; but about half a mile further down, the waters are much agitated, great waves tossing themselves 58 from the surface. It is supposed that the mass of the falling stream plunges to a vast depth, and then gradually rises to the service as it flows on. This is most likely the case, since, in a course of several miles, the only place where the river can be safely and easily crossed is where, on first thought, this might be deemed utterly impossible.

As the roar of the Fall has been heard at a distance of forty miles, I expected that it would have been overpowering and painful. This was by no means the case. It was grand, but not noisy. It seemed a universally pervading presence, making all things vibrate with it, and the very ground itself to tremble; but there was no clatter, no hurry, no disturbance. The whirl of a cotton-mill, the scream of an engine, even the rattle of a cab, are much more distracting. It was the deep bass of a grand organ rolling through cathedral aisles. It was thunder reverberating with subdued tone amongst the mountains. It did not force itself on our notice; it did not clamour to be heard. We could speak to each other in an ordinary tone of voice. We might forget the roar, for a time, while our attention was engaged by some other object. But when not consciously listening we still felt its influence, 59 not disturbing but calming the mind—a fitting accompaniment to the scene, ever increasing its grandeur and beauty. I tried the experiment of closing both ears and then suddenly

opening them. The sound was then, for a moment, like the discharge of artillery, and I was fully ready to admit that Niagara's appeal was not less emphatic to the ear than to the eye.

We walked back towards the hotel along the bank of the river, watching its wild energy, whirling, plunging, roaring onward; its waves of indigo, green, amber, flinging about their snow-white crests of spray; and every drop of water, and every particle of foam, hurrying with mad impetuosity towards the awful gulf below. The river-bed sinks about sixty feet in the space of half a mile, from the beginning of the Rapids to the Fall. By an iron bridge of nearly four hundred feet long and thirty wide, supported by four arches, we crossed the Rapids to Bath Island, which is separated from Goat Island by a very narrow channel. Here a small fee is demanded, and the names of visitors registered. A large paper-mill, utilizing the water-power, somewhat detracts from the surrounding sublimity. It has been calculated that the water-power 60 of the Niagara river is sufficient to impel all the existing machinery in the world, and it is said that possibly before many years this region will be crowded with manufactories. Good news for those admirers of scenery who think that ideas of beauty are founded on utility!

A short bridge lands you on Goat Island, which has an area of sixty acres, and is about a mile in circumference. Let us walk round it, a walk unsurpassed, and absolutely unique. Curbing our impatience to see the Grand Fall, let us turn to the left and walk along a path parallel to the Rapids. The branches of the overhanging trees are dripping with the spray. Here and there we go to the very brink and stand on the rocks, round and partially over which the wild waters are surging. Presently the shore curves round to the right, and we stand on the upper angle of the island. The stream along which we have ascended, majestic as it seemed, is now forgotten in the mighty river of which it forms but a minor portion. What a wondrous scene is presented before us I The whole flood of the Niagara —upwards of a mile broad—is coming down upon us as if it would sweep away the island on which we stand, as it doubtless is doing by 61 degrees. The banks on both sides are level, and covered with forests, with houses and villages here and there. Continuing our tour round the island, we are now walking on the bank of the greater branch of the river,

downwards, towards the Fall. Presently we come to the first important rapid, consisting of a cascade of about six feet in height extending all across the river. When once a boat is drawn as far as this, all hope is gone. Beyond this spot the stream is a scene of the wildest confusion. We now approach some small islands called the “Three Sisters.” They are rocks rising a few feet above the stream, clothed with mosses and flowers, and crowned with the most beautiful forest trees. Round these islands the current roars with appalling fury. The contrast is very striking between the exquisite beauty, security, and repose of that foliage, and the wild, angry, roaring, ever-changing torrents which rush past them to plunge over the precipice below.

These islands have their legends. In 1841, a Mr. Allen, rowing himself across the river a mile or two above, broke an oar and was carried down the stream. He tried to steer to the point of Goat Island, but missed his mark, and was hurried on to the 62 cataract. His boat did not capsize, but was swiftly shooting past one of these islets. He knew this was his only chance, and by springing from the boat, safely reached the land, whence he was rescued next day.

The “Hermit” of Niagara was a young man named Francis Abbott, from Plymouth, Devonshire, who came here in 1839, and, charmed with the scene, lived for two years in a log-hut, shunning intercourse with men, and giving no account of himself. A little cataract between us and the nearest of the Sisters, called “Moss Island,” is known as the “Hermit's Cascade,” from its having been his bathing-place. He was always wandering about the region, seeking the most dangerous places. Often in moonlight he has been observed pacing up and down a piece of timber, which then projected several feet beyond the precipice, apparently unconscious of danger. At length he was drowned while bathing just below the Fall. Nothing was found in his hut but his books and his violin. His only companion—a faithful dog—still guarded the door.

We now approach the great cataract. The river, still increasing in rapidity, but less broken, settles down deep, silent, solemn, resolute, in preparation for its final plunge. At every step

we take, the thunder 63 of the Fall is louder and the misty shower more dense. Clouds of foam are flung upward to the sky from the deep chasm down into which the mighty floods are pouring. We feel the solid rock on which we stand tremble. No adequate description of the scene is possible. No pen, no pencil can pourtray it. Who can paint the motion of that torrent as it plunges into that abyss, or the whirling clouds of foam, with the rainbow, so radiant amidst the gloom, so tranquil in the tumult? And how can the accompaniment of that majestic thunder be given?

We were overwhelmed with a sense of majesty and awe. We might have fancied we heard the command, “Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.” We were within the most solemn of Nature's temples; where the sublimest service, the most imposing ritual, was being performed in honour of the Creator; where sacrifice was ever being presented on an altar from which the curling spray was ever ascending to meet and blend with the awful overhanging cloud, which seemed, as of old, the visible symbol of Jehovah's presence and where the grandest psalm was ever swelling in praise of the glory and greatness of the 64 Eternal. Other temples have disappeared, but this has remained through many millenniums. Other services are interrupted, but this continues without intermission—day and night, century by century, its priests unwearied, its voices never mute. “The floods have lifted up, 0 Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters.”

We cannot linger here now. We have seen enough for to-day. There is a limit beyond which the mind cannot receive impressions. It is so with joy and with grief. There are times when nothing can make us happier, and times also when no fresh tidings of calamity can deepen our sorrow. So, in looking at works of art, the eye and mind may be satiated, and we turn from the noblest picture with weariness. And so with scenery, especially when it excites our wonder, and in proportion to our appreciation of it. How glad I felt that I had more than a week in reserve! To rush at such a scene, hurry round it, and glance only at its main features; or to be compelled, because no other opportunity will occur, to examine

it in detail when body and mind are jaded by having seen and felt too much, and repose is needed to qualify for 65 any due contemplation of it—this scarcely qualifies us to say we have seen it. It is not surprising that such visitors to great scenes of Nature, or great works of Art, sometimes say they are disappointed.

Late in the evening I strolled out to “View Point,” to see the Falls in the moonlight. Presently, two gentleman and a lady approached, gazing on the scene as if they thoroughly appreciated it. Availing myself of American freedom I ventured to join them, in the hope of gaining information or pleasant companionship. I found they were negroes of the darkest dye. One man seemed about forty years of age; the other was considerably younger, and treated him with much deference. The elder man supported the arm of the woman, showing her every respectful attention, guarding her from danger while courteously pointing out the features of the scene. She was the ugliest specimen of her race I had ever met. There was apparently no mark of intelligence in her countenance. She did not utter a word, and I uncharitably thought this was well, as nothing worth hearing could proceed from such a mouth.

The elder negro, in very pure English, with good accent, informed me that he had lived more than 66 twelve years near the Falls, and that he generally came when there was a moon, to observe the lunar rainbow. He replied in an intelligent and scientific manner to numerous inquiries, and told many thrilling tales of incidents which had occurred at the Falls within his personal knowledge. One morning, coming early over to Goat Island, he saw a man clinging to a piece of timber which had become jammed in a rock in the midst of the Rapids, about a quarter of a mile from the cataract. He had been carried down the current in a boat, which had capsized. Many persons were soon on the bank, eager to render help. A boat was launched, so that the current might carry it down to the man; but the rope attached to it got entangled in the rocks, and rendered it useless. A lifeboat was then sent for from Buffalo. Meanwhile, crowds gathered from every quarter, and the excitement was intense, as they watched the poor man clinging for precious life to his plank in danger every moment of being dashed from his refuge, and hurried down. The

lifeboat at length arrived; but the rapids rolled it over and over, and it was at once useless. Then a raft was made and floated to him. No voice could reach him, owing to the roar of the water; so a large board was 67 brought, on which were written in chalk directions for his guidance. Obeying these, he tied himself on to the raft; but alas! the rope caught amongst the rocks, and the raft, round which the angry waves roared as if hungry for their prey, could be drawn no farther. Another boat was now obtained and sent down the current; but in his eagerness, he too hastily unfastened himself, in order to spring into the boat, which struck the raft, and jerked him into the stream. The moment he touched the water he was hurried downwards with headlong speed. My informant ran along the bank, and saw him striving in vain to gain a small island in the midchannel. He was then whirled helplessly about, and just before he came to the verge was lifted up into the air, and, with arms flung out, was hurled backward into the foaming abyss. A young man, who had hurried many miles to the scene, came up breathless just as he was swept off the raft. It was his brother.

One day a party of friends went to Luna Island, one of whom, laying hold of a little girl, his niece, told her in fun that he would throw her in. Terrified by his foolish, and, in such circumstances, wicked joke, the child gave a sudden start, fell into the water, and, in one 68 instant, was whirled over. The man jumped after her, and also disappeared immediately. The body of the child was soon found, but not that of the young man. Then they diverted that part of the current by a dam, sending it over more towards the American side, and thus the body was recovered from the rocks below. On hearing this the younger negro said,—“But could they do such a thing as turn Niagara?” To which his companion replied, with emphasis,—“Oh yes, man can do anything he tries.”

The conversation then turned on the condition and prospects of the negro race. I told them how the great mass of the British nation understood from the first that the triumph of the North would be the deliverance of the slave; how much we had felt for them in their bondage, and prayed and laboured, as far as we could, in their behalf; and how we thanked God for their emancipation. It was now midnight. I wished them good night, and

shook hands. Then the woman, at length breaking silence said:—“Good night, sir; may the Lord reward and bless you, sir; and when you die—but you won't *die* —may you go to be with Jesus.” And so we parted. I felt condemned, and yet glad. Truly I was taught, as St. Peter 69 was of old, when likely to hesitate about visiting a Gentile, *not to regard any one as common or unclean;* and I felt that it was almost worth while crossing the Atlantic to get that benediction from a liberated slave, which I received, not as given to myself, but as sent to all my countrymen who have felt and prayed and laboured for the long-oppressed African race.

We found the truth of a universal experience—that the longer Niagara is contemplated the more wonderful it appears. “It grows upon you.” The immensity of the volume of water precipitated over that rock can only be appreciated by degrees. Some waterfalls, at first sight, produce an effect far greater than the river itself might lead you to anticipate. You wonder that so tiny a stream can make so much fuss. It is just the reverse with Niagara.

It may help us to an adequate conception of the Falls to remember the vast reservoirs they drain. This is the only outlet of a great chain of lakes, extending a distance of 1,400 miles. Lake Superior, the most remote, is 30,000 square miles in area; Lake Michigan, 22,600; Lake Huron, 21,000; St. Clair, 700; and Lake Erie, 6,000. The five together have an area of about 80,000 square miles. This vast extent of water 70 exceeds the area of England, Scotland, and Wales, together with that of Switzerland. Think of all the rivers which flow into those lakes, and all the streams which feed those rivers, and of the vast territory thus drained, whose surplus waters are all collected here, and whose only outlet is down the rocky precipice before us, and through this narrow ravine at our feet! It is computed that every minute twenty-five millions of cubic feet of water, that every hour ninety millions of tons, are being poured over that rock, and yet the loss is not felt in those reservoirs.

Let us cross again to Goat Island. It is impossible not to linger on the bridge which raises you scarcely out of the spray of the Rapids. How fascinating it is to watch the wild fantastic forms of the waves, tossing about in all directions. How wildly, how madly, the waters

rush by—yet how beautiful are the tints—like a strong tide of evil indulgence, disguising its deadly force with false but bewitching beauty! It is interesting to note the difference between the movement of this wild torrent and that of the sea. The latter has a regular motion—the waves, with occasional variation, flowing onward in regular succession. But here there is the wildest confusion, and the utmost variety of 71 form and position. The water of the ocean is stationary while the waves are moving; but here the water is rushing along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, while the waves remain in the same position, and preserve the same form—every particle composing the billow flashing forward to give place to others, while the billow itself retains its place. Who has not often watched with interest a piece of wood floating on the sea—now in the hollow trough between the waves, now climbing the green side of some watery hill, now lost in its white crest, now threatened to be carried far away by the roaring billow that seizes it—and yet floating there, amidst all changes, while those waves in long succession disappear? And often did I watch with interest a piece of wood in the Niagara Rapids, hurrying along with almost lightning speed, amongst and over waves which kept their place hour after hour, raving, foaming, hissing, as so many living creatures chained to the rocks below them.

Turning to the right, we soon reach the inner margin of the “American Fall.” Here there is a narrow wooden staircase leading down to the water. It seems to overhang the cataract, and is often hidden in spray, but is perfectly safe. A light bridge carries us 72 over the small branch of the torrent called the “Central Fall,” to the picturesque rock, “Luna Island,” situated on the very verge of the water as it curls over. All around it the water is whirling and roaring in the mad excitement of preparation. As you sit in perfect security, you are sprinkled with the spray of the waves as they leap upwards for their great plunge; and you look downward over your knees into the clouds of foam which ever ascend from the roaring gulf below.

Remounting the steps, we pass several North American Indian women, seated here and there with baskets of trinkets for sale; pin-cushions, watch-bags, &c., sewn by them, with beads and hair, and ornamented with rude representations of birds and flowers. They

belong to the Tuscarora tribe, who dwell in a village about nine miles off, where they still enjoy possession of some of their ancient reserved lands. Those we accosted understood very little English. Though they had no distinguishing dress, the features and complexion plainly betokened their race. What a revolution has taken place almost in our own time! This feeble remnant, looked upon as a curiosity, and just suffered to exist in a country whose forest solitudes 73 their forefathers recently shared with the bears and the eagles!

We are now on the highest part of Goat Island, on the top of the perpendicular cliff which divides the Fall into its two main streams. Not long ago a slice of rock had fallen down, carrying with it part of the path. A single rope gives slight warning of danger to a visitor. Walking in the dusk of evening, or going out to see the lunar rainbows, a stranger, lost in admiration of the scene, and walking along the beaten, well-marked path, might very easily fall suddenly into the gulf below. Again I was reminded of my adventure at West Point, and of the advice that in America it was necessary always to “use your intellect.”

Near this spot are several seats for visitors, commanding fine views, a refreshment stall, and a wooden hut, on which is inscribed, “To the Cave of the Winds.” Let us visit this famous cave. You may prefer doing this, “courteous reader,” seated comfortably at your fire-side, but should you ever visit Niagara, do not let a little inconvenience prevent your paying your respects to Æolus in his very palace.

We were taken into a very small chamber and told 74 to exchange our dress for the uniform there provided. We must strip entirely, unless we would walk back in wet clothes. We encased our feet in thick flannel moccasins, tied securely to the ankle. These we found admirably suited to the wet slippery path along which we had to go, giving us a firm foot-hold. Light blue “pants,” and a yellow canvas jacket, with canvas helmet, completely encasing the head and neck, with but a small opening for the face, completed our costume. Some ladies issued from another compartment, similarly attired, the only difference being that their jackets were black. When we looked at one another we did not wonder at the laughter of the bystanders, and joined heartily in it. One of the party asked

the guide whether the expedition was dangerous. “Guess ye'll know when ye've been.” A reply more sensible than courteous—“danger” being a word with a multitude of meanings, according to the temperament of the individual; some seeing imminent peril where others find only an exciting delight.

We now descended “Biddle's Stairs,” secured by iron bolts to the rock. About a hundred steps brought us to a narrow path between the two falls. Here we met three figures similar to ourselves, who might be 75 taken for two men and a little boy. The party consisted of a gentleman and his wife, with their guide. The lady did not like the appearance of things. She saw “danger,” and hesitated: *he* was very anxious to proceed. They appealed to me. I asked if the lady had good nerves; and when informed that the contrary was the case, I strongly recommended her to return, and my advice was wisely followed.

Fear produces danger. Places are perilous according to the temperament of those who visit them. It is great folly when curiosity leads timid people into circumstances where their terror is not only a distress and a danger to themselves, but a serious drawback to the pleasure, and perhaps safety, of the whole party. And it is a mistaken kindness, often a cruel selfishness, on the part of others, to urge them to go where they are likely to have no emotion but terror.

Passing along the narrow path, some small stones came rattling down from the cliff above—not a pleasant reminder that the constant action of the wind and spray was disintegrating the rocks, which might, at any time, fall in large masses into the clouds of foam below us. We now reached the edge of the descending 76 torrent; it was that small branch of the “American Fall” which is intercepted by Luna Island. The water was describing a beautiful curve, leaving a considerable space between it and the rock. The spray, recoiling from the rocks below, dashed with great violence upon the lower portion of the cliff, which, being of shale, and much softer than the upper portion, is hollowed out into a vast chamber, called the “Cave of the Winds.” There was only a narrow foot-plank, fastened against a rock, with a very light and treacherous hand-rail. In a dense mass the

great flood was falling just outside, but within there was a wild rushing, in all directions, of a blinding spray, which it required some resolution to enter. But the guide made no allowance for the effect of the novelty of the scene; to him it was too familiar; he could imagine no danger or difficulty, and he wanted his work done and his dollars secured as quickly as possible. So, without a word of direction, or waiting to see if any aid was needed, he plunged through the storm of mist, and disappeared. We must needs follow; one step, and then all was wild confusion. The water came on us from every quarter, driven as by contending hurricanes. It dashed up from below—it hailed down from 77 above—it flung itself with fury from the descending torrent on ourleft, and from the hollow rock on our right. It urged us on from behind; it smote us on the face. We could scarcely open our eyes to see the plank, which alone kept us from the gulf below us. It would have been absurd to attempt to speak to each other; the deafening roar of the waters was accompanied by a piercing scream, or shriek of the winds, contending in that watery cave. There was no time for observation or reflection; we must rush on in advance, in hope of escape, and of finding again our lost guide.

We were soon on the other side, sheltered by Luna Island above, which makes a little break in the descending sheet of water. A succession of plank bridges, from rock to rock, brought us outside the Fall. Looking up, the vast sheet of foam seemed pouring out from the very skies above us, as if certain to overwhelm us. The descending sheet was now between us and the land, and fell just below our feet into a gulf which our vision could not penetrate. The mist drove up against us with great violence, and the wind threatened to dislodge us. Very frail appeared the narrow planks, resting on the rocks, against which the 78 torrent was dashing. Beneath us was a wild tumult of waters, enwrapped us with the spray they threw off. The hand-rail was so weak that, had our feet slipped, it must have given way, and was therefore no real security. We were not long on our return journey, having made the circuit of the descending torrent. We were, of course, drenched to the skin, and were glad to be re-invested in our own dry garments. The charge was two dollars, or about six shillings each, which was to include the guide; he, however,

demanded a separate, fee, though he had done nothing but rush on in front, and had seemed quite astonished and angry when asked to give further help to his party. A brisk walk was very pleasant after our extraordinary shower-bath.

Let us now rest awhile on one of the seats over-looking the Horse-shoe Fall. What a grand curve it has! The bright-green tint of the water, just in the centre of the Fall, as it curls smoothly over, and where it is twenty feet thick, is never to be forgotten. Everywhere else the descending sheet is now white with foam; but sometimes it is resplendent with all the colours of the rainbow. From this spot, I one day watched the sun rise. All had been one uniform grey 79 tint when, suddenly a gleam of light fell across the edge of the Fall, irradiating it with glory. A well-defined dark shadow was now cast aslant the descending torrent, serving to display the marvellous beauty of that portion on which the sun was shining, and painting it with amber, violet, and crimson. The column of foam had presented a most imposing spectacle: the lower part of it was in comparative darkness —it was a cloud; the upper portion, a thousand feet high, caught the first rays of the sun, and was glowing with the most brilliant crimson—it was fire. I thought of the pillar of the cloud, which guided the Israelites on their march, and which at night was a pillar of flame. I beheld, at the same time, both the pillar of fire and the pillar of cloud. On another occasion, I watched, from this spot, a thunder-storm. Dark clouds formed a grand background to the foaming torrent, displaying, in fine relief, its snowy whiteness; forked lightning was playing behind and above the torrent, and the roar of the thunder and that of the waterflood were heard, each perfectly distinct, as two bass voices, or two instruments of different quality, not blending, but, as it were, contending with each other.

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Still more fascinating was the scene by night, when the moon softened every feature, and the lunar bow was spanning the torrent with its gentle radiance. In one spot I observed the entire circle, as a lustrous crown, hovering over the foam. Bewitched by the beauty, I

forgot all possibility of danger, till I became startled at my own insensibility to the need of precaution as I wandered about;—it seemed too lovely to be perilous.

Let us approach the Great Fall. A narrow foot-bridge, stretching from rock to rock in a shallow part of the stream, leads to within a few feet of the verge, and enables us to reach the “Prospect Tower,” an ugly erection, somewhat like a lighthouse, built on a rock at the edge of the Fall. The wind and driving spray sometimes render caution necessary in reaching it. In 1852 a gentleman, while crossing, fell into the current, but lodged against two rocks on the verge, whence with great difficulty he was rescued. No wonder that for some hours afterwards he remained speechless. Ascending the tower, which trembles from its foundation, a sight presents itself which is in-describable. You look down into the very basin which receives the mighty flood. You see the great 81 river rolling down, a mile in width, with ever increasing velocity.

“See where it comes, like an eternity, As if to sweep down all things in its track, Charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract.”

You see the entire semi-circle of the Fall as it curls over the rock. How mighty is the force of the current in the centre! What gigantic tides struggle there for precedence! And then all is lost in clouds of foam, which sometimes envelop the tower and effectually drench the spectator.

I restrain myself in attempting to describe the in-describable, through wholesome fear both of the censure and the example of the author of the local “Guide Book.” He satirizes some “ambitious candidate for applause,” who called Goat Island “the forehead of Niagara, and the cataracts on either side her streaming hair, puffed up *à la* Jenny Lind, and tied back with rainbows.” Then, after condemning all other descriptions of the Falls as being “oceans of sublimity, falling into perilous depths of pathos,” he gives us his own in these severely chaste and simple terms. “We find Nature here expressing herself in bold and beautiful antitheses; the Titanic strength and majesty of the cataract, and the soft G 82

grovy tendrils that bathe their verdure in its spray the wild, distracted, maniac surge, and the delicate rainbow shivering in its embrace; the whirlwind roar of falling floods, and the braided lullaby of lapsing streams." I was favoured with another and more condensed eulogium. As I was one day musing on the scene, a gentleman came up and sat beside me. After a few seconds he exclaimed, "Well, I guess this is about the handsomest thing in all God's *civilized* universe," with special emphasis on the word "civilized."

It is time that we cross into Canada. Near our hotel is an inclined tramway, by which, at an angle of 45 degrees, and for ten cents, you may be taken up or down in a car, drawn by an endless rope. By the side of it is a staircase for those who prefer walking. On emerging at the bottom of the 300 steps, you are immediately below the American Fall, of which you have a grand view. Not till you are thus under the Fall can you appreciate its vastness. There is a kind of harbour here, amongst the rocks, where the ferry-boat waits for passengers. From the summit it had seemed very perilous—that little open boat, crowded with passengers, pulled by one man, and crossing the Niagara within 83 the very spray of the Great Fall! I remonstrated against the large number allowed to enter the boat, and got out to wait another turn when there might be a lighter cargo; but the boatman only laughed at me for my caution. I was constantly impressed with the *recklessness* of people's conduct. To load an open boat to its utmost capacity, with a living cargo of men, women, and children, some of whom might suddenly start up in frolic or in fear, and thus to cross a heaving, surging torrent, with varying eddies and subject to unknown forces, under the direction of a single boatman, whose strength or presence of mind might fail, or whose oar might break, leaving the boat to be hurried helplessly down the cataract, seemed then, and seems still, fool-hardiness. I crossed with a moderate complement of passengers, and found it still more delightful than I expected, and far less alarming. With the utmost ease, the head of the boat was kept towards the current, which thus sent us across with scarcely any exertion on the part of the boatman. Only in one place, near the middle, was there any occasion for effort, and there, two or, three vigorous strokes sent the boat across the current to the other shore, where a contrary eddy enabled the 84 boatman gently to paddle

up-stream, soon regaining what lee-way had been lost, and landing us just opposite our starting-point. The whole passage did not occupy ten minutes. The view from the water is very grand; your tiny vessel gives additional effect to the majestic Falls above you and the heaving flood around. The water seems panting with the fatigue of its leap, and resting awhile before it encounters fresh labours in the Rapids below. I afterwards crossed and recrossed many times, my delight being to sit at the very head of the boat, losing sight of the other passengers and the boatman, and looking only at the wild flood through which I was being mysteriously impelled.

When half-way across we uncovered, in honour of Great Britain and the Queen, whose territory we had now entered. On the other side carriages were waiting to convey passengers up the steep road that leads to the Clifton House Hotel. Here I spent several very happy days. There is nothing left to be desired in the way of comfort, while the view is altogether unique; for the hotel stands in such a position, and at such a distance, as to command in a single view the entire Fall. A balcony surrounds the house, so that 85 you can walk about in all weather by simply stepping out of your window, and thus watch a scene which is ever new. You hear the roar, but are not disturbed by it. You see both divisions of the stream, Goat Island, the two falls, and the reunion of the waters below. The great mist-column is ever assuming fresh forms, as the wind plays with it, or the rays of the sun kindle upon it. From the Cataract Hotel you can more conveniently visit the chief features of the scene. But if unable to leave the house, the Clifton, on the Canada side, is far the best, as you may see the whole of the marvellous and ever-moving picture without leaving your room.

The hotel is about half a mile from the Horse-shoe Fall. There is a good carriage-road along the edge of the cliff to “Table-Rock.” This was a projecting shelf overhanging the torrent, but, being considered dangerous, it was recently blown away by gunpowder. Here we descended by a steeply-inclined path and went behind the Great Fall. The visit was neither so interesting nor so hazardous as that to the Cave of the Winds. It has been already stated that the lower strata are of a soft nature, and yield more to the action of the

rebounding spray than the harder lime-stone 86 above to the force of the torrent falling over it. Thus there is a large cavity behind the descending water. You walk along a narrow shelf of rock, a concave precipice on your right, and a very steep bank of broken rocks descending on your left towards the gulf into which the mighty flood from overhead is plunging.

On the edge of the Fall above is a small hotel and also a museum, from the roof of which there is a very fine view. Projecting over the edge of the Fall is a large piece of timber, on which some adventurous visitors are photographed. It requires some nerve to hold on and sit steady during the process. One evening, having strolled here in the dark, without my hat, after standing for some time, looking upon the descending torrent, I turned into the “Curiosity Shop,” which was still lighted up. The man in charge coolly said, “I've been watching you; I thought it was some one going to throw himself over. I've seen two do it.” “Why should you think so?” said I. “Because youre there at such a time of night!” I replied that it was only eight o'clock, and that a man who had come three thousand miles to see it might be excused for looking at it at all hours. He told me that one of the persons referred to was a commercial traveller, who, 87 by drinking and betting at the hotel, had involved himself in difficulties, and whom he had seen walk along the projecting timber, toss his hat over, and then throw himself headlong after it.

Although I spent about ten days at Niagara I felt the time hurry away with cruel rapidity, and I almost grudged the necessary time for meals and sleep—there was always so much to see that was new—always so much to revisit again and again. I will recall one day. Soon after five I was up to watch the sun rise on the Fall. Then I climbed a wooded cliff, to a road which brought me, at a distance of two miles, to the “Burning Springs.” Then I re-ascended the high ground, and strolled homewards, till I reached a spot just above the Horse-shoe Fall, and attempted the sketch which forms the frontispiece to this volume. I had never seen Niagara drawn from that point. A considerable elevation commands a fine view of the river above the Fall, and you look down into the gulf below. The angle of vision does not include any other object. You see no bottom to the abyss, no exit for the

water, which fancy might suppose is plunging through the very centre of the earth itself. The only foreground is a crag which, with its rich verdure, 88 appears to be bending over the cataract. I think, of all the aspects in which I beheld Niagara, this, on the whole, was the most sublime. I now began to think it must be breakfast-time; looking at my watch, I found it was noon! I had been just six hours on my morning stroll The waiter was amused when I asked for breakfast; the time for that meal was long past. Refreshed with food, I started forth again, intending to be back by three o'clock, in time for dinner; but again, I was utterly beguiled, and when I returned it was five o'clock, and dinner had all been cleared away. Having rested and written a few letters, I went out again, for an evening stroll, in the moonlight. I went beyond the Fall, and stood in the forest, alone, close to the cataract. I held my stick in the water, and the vibration caused by the current thrilled through me. The silence of the forest contrasted with the roar of the cataract, the wild rush of the rapids glimmering in the moon, the foliage dripping and sparkling with the spray, and the utter solitude, combined to produce an impression on the mind never to be effaced. It was past midnight when I regained the hotel.

My farewell view of the Great Fall was symbolical. A rainbow was spanning the entire river. One limb 89 seemed to rest on American, the other on British soil. Immediately under it the divided stream was foaming as in anger; but the waters soon re-united and flowed on together to the quiet lake. I took it as an emblem of international peace. For a season public sentiment, in some quarters, seemed at variance with American interest, and American feeling was naturally roused in return. But over the temporary misunderstanding there still rested the bow of a true and abiding friendship: while the two nations, separated only in appearance, not in heart, were speedily to reunite, and in greater harmony, let us trust, than ever, pursue together their great career of prosperity, peace, and freedom, for the benefit of each other, and of the whole world.

CHAPTER IV. NIAGARA—ENVIRONS AND OUTFLOW.

The Town—Cataract Hotel—Current Bath—Shops—The River—Cutting its own Channel —Trip from Buffalo—Narrow Escape—Burning Springs—The Indian Girl—Incidents—Suspension Bridge—Rapids—Whirlpool—Maid of the Mist—Lewiston—Queenston—Fort Niagara—Lake Ontario—River St. Lawrence—Thousand Islands—Shooting the Rapids to Montreal.

“NIAGARA” is an Indian word, signifying “thundering water.” The town so-named is some miles off, and mistakes often arise from letters being directed there instead of “Niagara Falls,” the name of the town which, within a few years, has clustered round the hotels.

The “Cataract Hotel,” is on the very edge of the Rapids. We could throw a stone into them from our window. The roar of the waters lulled us to sleep. Just, below our room were the baths. What a luxury is the “Strong Current Bath!” A portion of the stream outside is allowed to pass through a capacious basin, where you may have an incomparable 91 douche, holding on by strong ropes till you like to allow the torrent to carry you down towards the grating whence you may return again to the charge. I used to think nothing could surpass the Rhone baths at Geneva, but am compelled to give the palm to the Niagara “Strong Current Bath.” The hotel is very large, able to receive 500 guests.

There are a number of streets at right angles, and I should think a resident population of about 2,000. The shops, or “stores,” are chiefly for the sale of mementoes, in the shape of photographs, articles of Indian work; of curious fans, or fire-screens made of feathers, with a stuffed specimen of some American bird in the centre; of jewellery, with beads and other articles, professedly cut from the spar of the Niagara rock.

There is a large trade in this branch of commerce, as almost every visitor likes to take away for his friends some memorial of his visit. The trading customs resemble those of other places of resort. A young lady in one of these stores, who was obliging enough to accommodate me with some of her merchandize, seriously asked me eight dollars for a fan which I coveted. Seeing that I somewhat hesitated, 92 she reduced her price at once

to six dollars, then to five, and then, as introduction to a further abatement, called to her companion, saying, “Come and see what is the lowest you will sell this fan for to this man.” A few purchases, some unnecessary baggage, and a number of books, which had been kindly given me during my route, filled a tolerably large packing-case. This I resolved to transmit direct to New York, and I stood at the door of the hotel to get some one to take it to the railway station. There was no porter disposed to carry it, but a man with a truck placed it on his vehicle, and loitered about for further custom. He refused to take it at once; and as I wished to book it myself, I was losing precious time, for every five minutes is valuable at Niagara. At length, weary with waiting, I seized my case, and, placing it on my shoulder, marched off with it down the street in a broiling sun, to the amusement of the on-lookers, but much to my own peace of mind.

The surpassing majesty and beauty of the cataract may easily cause many a traveller to neglect those scenes of great interest with which the river abounds, both above and below the chief point of attraction. To some of these I will now refer.

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The entire length of the river, from its exit from Lake Erie to its entrance into Lake Ontario, is about 34 miles, 20 of which are above the Falls. The country is here level and uninteresting. It is a table-land, about 350 feet higher than Lake Ontario, about 7 miles from the shore of which it terminates in a steep bank or range of hills, called “Queenston Heights.” Over this bank it is supposed that the river originally poured, cutting a channel as it descended. Gradually by the action of the water, this channel became deeper and receded farther, so that the river no longer came down over the range of hills, but through a deep trench which it had cut for itself. Thus the actual descent of the water has constantly changed its place, as the rocks over which it fell have been worn away.

The upper strata, about ninety feet thick, are limestone; below is soft shale, which being gradually undermined, the rocks above give way. Thus the Falls constantly alter their shape, and the resemblance to a “horse-shoe” is less and less obvious. It is said that Goat

Island has lost several acres within the last twenty years. Sir C. Lyell conjectures that, on an average, the Falls recede about a foot every year, in 94 which case, supposing the rate to have been uniform (a very important element in the calculation), 35,000 years have been occupied in the recession of the Falls from Queenston to their present position.

During the first 18 miles of its course, the river descends only about 15 feet; then, within less than mile, it descends 80 feet over a limestone bed. The Fall itself is about 160 feet, between which and Queenston, in a succession of rapids, the water descends upwards of 100 feet more in 7 miles. Above the Fall the river is in some places more than two miles wide; then it contracts to about a mile; the Fall itself is above half a mile wide; while below, the river rushes along a channel from 200 to 400 yards wide, between precipitous banks about 300 feet high.

Let us make an expedition down the stream from Buffalo. This great and thriving city it situated on the lower extremity of Lake Erie and on the southern shore of the river as it issues forth, several miles broad, on its adventurous and troubled journey. An excellent clergyman of the city courteously invited me to join him on a trip which seems very popular with the residents, and which he evidently considered free from all danger, as he took with him his entire family 95 —wife, children, baby and nurse, with others. The vessel was a tiny steam-yacht, about as big as the long-boat of a man-of-war, but scarcely so wide. It was propelled by a screw. The engine was in front; a small deck-cabin was in the stern. The rudder was, as usual in American waters, worked at the prow. Our crew consisted of two men, the engineer and the steersman. At first the river was so wide that we could scarcely see the low wooded shore on the opposite side, and the current was very gentle, not being three miles an hour. Soon the river greatly widened, or rather divided into two branches, enclosing “Grand Island,” which is twelve miles long and from two to seven wide. We spied a bald-headed eagle on one of its trees. Then we came to “Navy Island.” It belongs to the British Empire, and is about 300 acres in extent. This was seized by some rebels 1837, and was the scene of the burning of the *Caroline* , a vessel supposed to be in their service, which was seized by a Royalist party in the night, set on fire, and cut

adrift. She floated as far as the first rapids, lighting up the troubled waters, but here she capsized, and was extinguished.

Conversation, enlivened with anecdote, jest, and 96 song, made the time pass only too rapidly, and I seemed quite to forget I was on the Niagara river, and getting very near to the Falls. However, the narrowing channel, and the increasing force of the current reminded me; and now all my attention was engrossed by the special features of the scene. I observed that the river-banks were getting gradually higher. This was not caused by the land rising, for it remained level; but by the descent of the water. The dip of the river-bed could be distinctly seen. We were evidently going downhill, and pretty rapidly too. Looking ahead, the river seemed to terminate suddenly in a straight line, over which hovered the great foam-cloud. Not very far in advance I saw the commencement of the broken water, to enter which would be destruction. The rest of the party were very merry, so it would have been absurd for me to be anxious—yet I felt that if the machinery were just now to give way, nothing could save us, for we were being driven along almost solely by the force of the current, with just enough steam to steer by. Suddenly, when within half a mile of the first rapids, we slipped up the narrow “Chippewa Creek,” till then so unobserved that I began to wonder how we could possibly 97 come to any moorings. I heard of one of these pleasure yachts, which on its return had not steam enough to resist the current, and was being gradually forced backwards towards the Fall. The party of pleasure on board was at once turned into one of despair, for all possibility of deliverance seemed gone. Wood was heaped on the furnace in vain. Suddenly the engineer thought of the tin of oil which was at hand for the wheels. He threw its contents on the fire, and then the boat gradually regained its mastery over the river, and was out of the reach of danger.

Not far from the little village of “Chippewa” are the famous “Burning Springs.” A small building is erected over them. I was taken into a dark chamber, which had a hole in the floor, surmounted by a sort of chimney, terminating in a pipe. A light being applied, the carburetted hydrogen, which was being emitted, burnt with a strong flame. I was directed to place my hand on the orifice, which I did, feeling no heat, while the gas, escaping

through my fingers, ignited above them. The cover was then removed, and, looking down into the hole, we saw the surface of a spring gurgling beneath the floor. A light being applied, flames flickered over the surface of the water. H

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Between the Burning Spring and the Fall is a large flour-mill, turned by the current; it is well worth visiting. No complaints are made of the supply of water being short! Never is there any lack of power! The only wonder is, that the current, running here with great fury, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, can be thus utilized, and the machinery not be torn in pieces and the whole structure carried away. Near the mill is a wooden platform, on the brink of the river, from which there is a very grand view of the first Rapids, the river beginning here to break, previous to its great plunge.

I may here introduce two incidents, which were related to me at Mrs. Beecher Stowe's, and well-authenticated. A friend of my informant, standing one day on the river-bank, watching the Rapids, saw a boat glide down, and go over, the only occupant of which was a little child, about four years of age, looking about with pleased curiosity, and quite unconscious of danger!

A gentleman who was at Niagara, years ago, when the Indians lived round about, saw a canoe, moored to the American shore, near Goat Island; an Indian was lying down in it, fast asleep. Suddenly a girl 99 darted out from the thick foliage of the forest, and, quick as thought, unfastened the rope, pushed the canoe out into the current and disappeared. The sudden motion and the roar of the Rapids, awakened the man; he started up, and looked for his paddle—the paddle with which he had often battled with the tide—now his only hope for life; but the paddle had been taken away! The canoe was now driving madly down the stream. Calmly the Indian took his blanket, folded up his head in it, stood upright, and so went over! Fiction can feign nothing more terribly suggestive.

I was told of a man who had frequently played tricks by leaping off the cliff into the river near the Falls. He was intending to do the same at the place where a great celebrity acted the fool by crossing on a rope. He said he would first swim across to be sure of the line of country. He swam out grandly, but as he approached the middle his body suddenly disappeared, and was found the next day in the whirlpool.

One day I jokingly asked a negro if there was a place at the Falls where I could bathe. He seriously recommended to me a spot below the hotel, and said 100 he often swam across, and that it only required special effort at one spot. He also proposed that his son should show me a place where I might bathe, just above the Fall. I declined.

I met a gentleman who told me that in his youth he had walked from Boston, a distance of 700 miles, to see the Falls. When within seven miles, he heard what he thought might be the roar of the torrent, and asked a man, who was at work on the road, if this were so. The man replied that he didn't know; it might be, but he had never been there himself. Yet he had lived within the sound all his life.

The Suspension Bridge is worth examining. It is two miles below the Falls. It has a span of 800 feet from tower to tower, and is 24 feet wide. It has two stages. The railway track is above. Below, at a distance of 18 feet, are the carriage and foot-ways. The whole is connected by open iron-work, and suspended from four wire ropes of about 10 inches diameter. The entire weight of the bridge is 800 tons, but it is estimated as able to bear a weight of 12,000 tons. It is suspended more than 200 feet above the torrent.

A little lower down the stream you come to a house, from the grounds of which an excellent view is obtained 101 of the great Rapids. I looked down from the edge of the rock into the ravine all filled with the raging torrent. The channel is here very narrow—not exceeding 600 feet. Through this gorge all the water, which at the Falls occupied a breadth five times greater, rushes at the rate of nearly 40 miles an hour. No one can in the least appreciate the scene without beholding it; it is inferior only to the Great Fall itself. A

very good staircase descends along the face of the rock to the edge of the torrent. Here I clambered to the top of an immense rock which had fallen into the stream, and on a safe perch, yet near enough to be sprinkled with the spray, I abandoned myself to the overpowering influences of the stupendous spectacle. The torrent, supposed to be several hundred feet deep, came roaring down between its restraining cliffs in a very tempest of wrath. It heaved and surged, and threw up big waves twenty feet high, and every now and then tossed its spray half up the cliffs. I could not see the opposite margin by reason of the convexity of the flood. It has been ascertained by admeasurement that the middle is ten feet above the sides! The torrent is a liquid glacier. The ice-seas of the Alps, enclosed within narrow rocks, bulge upwards 102 in the centre when the ravine narrows. The pressure from above, and the uneven surface below, throw up the ice into great hills and cliffs which resemble solid waves. What the mountains do with the ice, the bed and sides of Niagara do with the water. A glacier is a frozen Niagara. Niagara is a liquid glacier, its form abiding, but its particles rushing with railroad velocity down into the valley, a never-ceasing avalanche.

The whirlpool is on the Canada side, about half a mile below the Suspension Bridge, and just below these Rapids. The river makes a sudden bend at a right angle. But the current, here most narrow and most rapid, plunges forward as if to pursue its course in a straight line, and thus has worn away a vast basin in which the waters are ever whirling round and round with opposing currents and eddies. From the meadows I entered a wood, and presently found myself on the verge of this great basin, half a mile in diameter. An easy and beautiful descent amongst lovely ferns and grand forest-trees, brought me to the rocky shore of this maelstrom. I sat on a rock about twenty feet above the water, and began to sketch. Again I was fascinated by the utter solitude. No human being 103 was in sight. But there was the great river, an awful Presence, in a new and terrible form, ever lifting up its mighty voice. Round and round came the tide with even pace and regular level. Suddenly, without the slightest warning and with no apparent cause, the water surged up ten feet, and as suddenly subsided. Had I been on the margin I must certainly have

been swept away. I climbed the cliff, and sat for above an hour watching the scene below me. I saw how the impetuous tide, escaping from its narrow channel, divided; one portion hurrying round the bend of the river and never pausing, in haste to reach its resting-place in the lake; the other escaping into this circular bay and surrendering itself to the wildest gambols, as if delighting in release from so long and close a restraint. I watched several great pieces of timber which had been carried over the Falls, and caught in the whirlpool. Let us fix our eyes on one of them. See, it is spinning round and round on its own centre. Now it is suddenly stationary. Now it is carried rapidly onward by some current that catches it. Now it lifts up its big arm perpendicularly in the air, as if for a signal, and suddenly disappears altogether. A few seconds elapse, and now, a long way off, it emerges 104 erect, as before, and then falls down on the surface of the water. Again it resumes its gyrations. Now it suddenly drives forward in a straight line, as a steamer well steered may be driven against waves and tides. And now again it is sent backward, the mere sport of conflicting eddies. Another tree crosses its path, and they seem to embrace. Together they swing round and round, and then, like friends suddenly quarrelling, they part asunder and pursue entirely opposite courses. Poor timber, it seemed like the victim of some vice struggling in vain, because too late, against the whirlpool of evil habit. I began to feel for it as though endowed with life, and I longed to see it set free from that torment and pursue its way down to the peaceful lake. But no sooner did it return towards the main tide of the river, than some side-eddy seized it and swung it helplessly and hopelessly back!

Many of these vortices had deep centres, and like separate individualities went circling round the basin. I was told that a few weeks before, a boat had been upset above the Fall with two ladies and a gentleman, and that the body of the latter was seen for more than a day, black and naked, except the boots, whirling round and round, occasionally lifting up its 105 hands as if calling for help. Only after great efforts was it at length secured by a rope flung from the shore.

A little steamer, the “Maid of the Mist,” was built just below the Falls, and used to run from bank to bank, and to take passengers quite up to the very Fall. But the erection of the bridge spoilt her trade, and she was sold to a man at Montreal. But how was she to be got there? How could she pass the Rapids, where the water was racing at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and tossing up its mighty waves? And how could she escape the dreaded whirlpool? A very daring boatman undertook, for a large reward, the perilous enterprise. The vessel went down the stream safely a little farther than the bridge. Here she encountered the worst rapids. She gave a great lunge, showing her keel; the “smoke pipe” broke off, the boiler was dislodged, two men at the wheel were thrown down, yet she shot safely through the terrible ravine, only, however, to be seized by the whirlpool. Here she was swung round once, and they who gazed expected every moment she would be drawn under. But on approaching the main current again, she was carried down the stream, and reached 106 Montreal without further damage. The steersman, quite satisfied with the adventure, said he would never undertake the like again.

The railway route along the bank of the river from the Suspension Bridge to Lewiston, a distance of about five miles, will not soon be forgotten by the traveller. After being carried for some distance along the level, it enters the narrow gorge, and descends by an incline cut on the face of the precipice. In some places there seems nothing whatever between you and the river, so that any accident would precipitate the train into the foaming, roaring torrent below. The station is at Lewiston, on the level of the water. It is a little town seven miles below the Falls, where the river becomes navigable. A few miles lower down the river enters the lake.

On the opposite side of the river is Queenston, and on the picturesque heights above is a monument to the memory of the British general, Brock, who was killed in 1812, when successfully defending the post against the Americans. Then this whole region became the scene of outrages on both sides, the tomahawk and scalping-knife adding to the horrors of what is called more civilized warfare. The Americans burned 107 the town of

Newark, at the mouth of the river; and the British burned the town of Buffalo. Then the Americans won the battles of Chippewa and of Lundy's Lane, on the Canadian side, near the Falls. Let us hope that never again will the frontier be a scene of conflict between nations whose interests are identical, who are one family, and whose strife would be fratricidal.

It may be well to insert here my notes of a trip down the Niagara waters to Montreal. At Lewiston, already described as seven miles below the Falls, we leave the train for the steamer, which, aided by a very strong current, soon brings us out into Lake Ontario. Fort Niagara is at the mouth of the river, on the American side, and the small town of Niagara on the British side. I was disappointed with the lake-scenery of America. It is the ocean without its peculiar grandeur. The shores are level, and there is the entire absence of those special features of scenery which are associated with the Swiss, Italian, and British lakes. The distance from Niagara across to Toronto is nearly forty miles; when half-way over we still saw the misty column that rises from the Falls like the smoke of a grand sacrifice.

The lake is about 180 miles long. On the American shore is Oswego, famous for its flour-mills and the preparation of American corn, which has made the name so familiar. The shore, on one side, was seen very indistinctly; on the other it was quite invisible. We awoke early next morning (September 28), when the vessel called at the beautiful city of Kingston, situated on the eastern extremity of the lake, where the Niagara waters, now the River St. Lawrence, issue forth on their journey to the sea, still nearly 800 miles distant. The entire length of the river, including the chain of lakes which feed it, extends 3,000 miles. At its mouth it is nearly 100 miles wide. It is navigable, by the aid of canals, through its whole extent, vessels from Liverpool landing their cargoes at Chicago.

The first part of the river, as it leaves the great lake, is two or three miles wide, and is called the Lake of the Thousand Islands: there are, in fact, nearly fifteen hundred of them,

of various sizes. The largest is Wolf Island, about twenty miles long. After leaving this we entered a perfect labyrinth; no description can give an adequate idea of the scene: rocks of all forms and sizes, from several acres to a 109 few yards in area, rose from the broad river, covered with the most beautiful foliage; lichens, mosses, and ferns, adorned the rich-coloured sandstone. Sometimes merely a rocky point was seen emerging, bald and bare, like the snout or forehead of some levia-than; sometimes a few inches of water covered the crags; sometimes a precipice rose, abruptly, fifty feet from the stream, crowned by gigantic pines or cedars. Sometimes the channel which the steersman selected was several hundred yards wide; sometimes it was so narrow that there was scarcely room for the boat: you could drop a letter on shore, or receive one from the hand of a friend, if any friend were there to give it. The vessel almost grazes the rocks. Sometimes the channel seems closed by an island right ahead, but through some narrow passage you emerge to find yourself in a still more intricate labyrinth of fairy islets. Meanwhile you notice the strength of the current; for the obstruction given to the stream reminds one of the old bridges of the Thames, whose projecting piers produced a rapid under every arch. Sometimes steam was shut off altogether, and we descended by the sheer force of the current. The rapidity of our motion was tantalizing; we saw a 110 most lovely island ahead, with picturesque features worth close and attentive study; just as we were prepared to enjoy it, we left it far astern, and other objects, ever varied, demanded attention. This most beautiful and exciting portion of our voyage extended for about fifty miles.

During the Canadian rebellion a man, named Johnson, rendered himself obnoxious to the Government, and sought safety here: there could not be a better hiding-place for a good boatman. His daughter Kate aided him in his seclusion, conveying provisions to him in her canoe, with which she threaded the intricate channels, glided over the rapids, and eluded all pursuit as she carried provisions to him in the different islets in which he made his ever-shifting hiding-places. She deserved her title of “Queen of the Thousand Islands.”

After emerging from this archipelago we passed several towns and villages, very picturesquely situated on the banks of the river, stopping at some of them to take in

passengers. We went down several rapids, where the tossing waves reminded us of the ocean, and seemed strangely out of place in a river elsewhere smooth. One of these rapids is called the Long 111 Sault, and extends for about nine miles, a distance we accomplished in about fifteen minutes. Sometimes the river becomes so wide that it has received in one place the name of Lake St. Francis, and in another that of Lake St. George. Approaching Montreal, we passed the mouth of the Ottawa, which, after a course of about 700 miles, here enters the St. Lawrence. Its discoloured waters strikingly contrast with the purity of those it joins. Like the Rhone and the Arve at Geneva, the two rivers flow along distinct, side by side, for a long distance before they mingle. But the great interest of the day was “shooting the Lachine,” the Rapids proper, nine miles from Montreal. It was a question whether the captain would attempt them. It was late in the season. The days were getting short. There might not be light enough. Certainly this would be the very last day for the exploit this year, but it was more than probable we should have to go on shore and finish our journey by rail, as had been done for several preceding days. But the boat was in better time to-day, and the weather was fine. I had set my heart on “shooting the Rapids,” and asked many questions as to the probability of being gratified. But the captain himself 112 was undecided. I leant over the stem watching the setting sun. Glorious it was in the clear Canadian sky; but every moment it got nearer the horizon, and we were not yet in sight of Lachine. Now we are approaching the entrance of the canal made to avoid the difficulties of the river passage. Are we steering towards the shore? There was a moment of doubt. Hurrah! we are past. Now for the Rapids. Onward we drive, for all steam is up, and the current is strong.

Row brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

We now approach the American shore on the star-board side. Here is an Indian village, Caughnawaga, where lives the native pilot to whose skill the vessel is to be entrusted in its descent of the waters, which till recently were never passed but by Red Indians in their canoes. As we approach the village we see a canoe put off. Two boys are paddling. A tall man stands erect, steering with a paddle. We do not seem to slacken speed. The

Indian leaps on board, and the canoe is far astern. He rushes along to the head of the steamer, where the steering-wheel is placed, on the upper deck, just above the prow. 113 On his way he throws off his coat, and then with bare arms, as if well aware of the exertion to be called for, takes his place at the wheel. Three othermen also have their hands on the spokes, ready to imitate his every action. The wheel is connected with the rudder by chains, which run along the deck over pulleys. Two other men are at the stern, with their hands on the tiller, in case of accident forward. I shall never forget the aspect of that Indian pilot—his broad shoulders, his brawny arms, his great head, his dark expressive features, his keen eagle-eye, as he leant forward into the gathering gloom.

What is that white appearance on the water about a mile ahead of us? The passengers cluster eagerly on the fore-deck below the wheel. I take my place above, alongside the pilot, but well out of range of his motions. Steam is now shut off. There is a sudden and ominous quietness. We are driving on with the current at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Every second we are obviously nearing that white mist. Presently we pass a rock close on our right The water, smooth, green, rapid, just covers it, and then rises up beyond it in a wave which curls backward and breaks into foam. We are so close that we I 114 drop a stone on it. Were the vessel to touch it she would be shivered, at the rate we are going. There is another rock just ahead of us, over which an immense wave is curling. We are driving right upon it with lightning speed. But look at our pilot! Under his mighty hand the wheel whirls back, reversed to its uttermost capacity—while his three assistants put forth all their might, every muscle strained. At the moment when we might suppose we should be dashed to pieces on that rock we swing round at a right angle; but only to encounter a similar danger; for again, ahead of us, is another rock, and the cataract is hurrying us downward straight upon it. Again the wheel spins round. What intensity and eagerness are displayed in every look and action of our pilot! How those six brawny arms aid his own in every movement! Again our course is changed as suddenly as before, and we twist round to the left.

The vessel seems to strike. She quivers all over with the blow, and lies over on the starboard side. “Did we strike a rock?” I asked. “No; if we had we should have been all to pieces; it was only an under-current.” We are now clear of rocks, but in a 115 very tempest of eddies. In another instant we shoot through into calm water. The whole passage occupied a shorter time than this inadequate description has taken the reader to peruse. Then we seemed to be driving right on to a rocky island, which we could only dimly see, as it was almost dark. When within a boat's length of the shore we suddenly twisted to the right, and shot under the Victoria tubular bridge, which crosses the river where it is two miles wide. Immediately on the other side was a shoal, not easy to avoid in the darkness. Then in a few minutes we were alongside the quay of Montreal. The waters of Niagara flow here, 350 miles from the Falls.

CHAPTER V. NIAGARA TO CHICAGO.

Petroleum—Sleeping cars—Detroit—Forests—Homestea law—Prices of Corn, and Wages—Politeness—Sunday at Chicago—Negro-sermon.

ON Thursday, Sept. 12, we reluctantly left Niagara “to go West.” Our time was brief, as we had public engagements at Buffalo on the Sunday week following. Meanwhile, we purposed to see Chicago, Lincoln's house and grave at Springfield, and St. Louis on the Mississippi, returning thence to the neighbourhood of Niagara. We spent a day at Hamilton, and then went forward by the Great Western Railway to London, Ontario. Here we were approaching the famous oil regions. We were taken to see a “Derrick,” a structure resembling a chimney, up which the rods are worked when plunging for oil. This one had been a failure; for, instead of oil, a stream of sulphur-water was issuing from the deep bore. We saw the process of refining. The barrels of oil, as obtained 117 from the earth, are emptied into great tanks, from which it is pumped up and sent by pipes into a number of stills, where the oil is evaporated, and then condensed into a reservoir. What looked quite black and thick in the tanks is now blue and clear. It is then conducted by pipes into other vats, where soda and sulphur, with large quantities of water, are mixed up into it by

a rotatory fan. The water is then drawn off at the bottom, leaving the oil colourless and without smell. It is then put into barrels, well lined with glue, and painted outside. Oil was now a drug. The raw petroleum could be had at the rate of half a crown for 40 gallons; when refined, the price was five-pence per gallon.

We took the train at midnight, and had our first experience of a “sleeping-car.” On payment of six shillings extra I had a “state-room,” which resembled a berth on board ship. There was, as usual, a passage through the middle of the long carriage, on each side of which the sleeping-berths were arranged, screened by curtains. Big boots and tiny slippers were laid out on the floor for cleaning, and now and then a snore indicated the sleeping life on the tiers of shelves. I clambered into a berth, following the example of 118 those who were now in their mid-sleep, and who, I fear, had been disturbed by our entrance. I found a not uncomfortable bed, and the rumble of the carriage soon sent me to sleep. At about 6 o'clock I was roused by the steward, and had a comfortable “wash-up”; towels, soap, &c., being all provided “on board.” Our boots were ready for us, well cleaned. Just as our toilet was completed, we reached Windsor, where we had to leave the cars for the ferryboat, in which we crossed the “Detroit river,” or strait, which is about half a mile wide, and forms a link in the great chain of lakes. By this the waters of Lake Huron flow into Lake Erie.

Detroit is the chief city of Michigan: and a great commercial depôt, as all vessels between the Atlantic and Mississippi pass it. It was founded by the French in 1670. A corresponding train was waiting to carry us on by the Michigan Central. The cars were crowded with farmers who had been at the “State Fair,” at which all the produce of Michigan had been “exposed.” I had become somewhat trained to endure a disgusting practice, much developed in America; but I was not prepared for such a display as was now presented, and a floor on which soon 119 there was not a dry spot remaining. The sights and the sounds I cannot now, after twelve months, recall without a shudder. Certainly, where there are no distinctions of carriages, there should be no difference of class—all should be *gentlemen* . All cannot be rich or intellectual, or versed in the etiquette of what is called

“society”; but all may learn to consider the feelings and convenience of others, and until they do, promiscuous travelling will always have its martyrs.

We were now passing through a region where the primæval forest was giving way to cultivation. Sometimes we penetrated large tracts where no axe had yet struck a blow. I was surprised that the trees were not larger or older. I saw no trees throughout my American journeys to equal in size and age the forest trees of Great Britain. Sometimes we came to a clearing. There were great stacks of wood piled either for burning or transport. The elm, oak, and pine are saleable; but maple, beech, and other trees are not worth carriage, and are burnt in great piles. To save the trouble of cutting down the large trees, the fires are kindled round their trunks so that they are killed, and in a few years decay and rot off. These naked trunks, with their gaunt, outstretched 120 arms, blackened and charred, standing alone in fields where the plough was at work, had a very strange appearance. They seemed like ghosts reproving the innovators of civilization for the slaughter of their nation. But the ghosts are soon laid: and in spite of their feeble remonstrance, thriving farms appear, and smiling villages, and prosperous cities, where half a century ago was a boundless forest, trodden only by wild animals, chased by the still wilder red-man. I was told that “lumber land,” where the forest was yet standing could be had for 10 dols. an acre; about 30 *s.* On Lake Superior it could be had for 4 *s.* Cleared land could be got for from 50 dols. to 100 dols. Wheat was high: 2 dols. 30 cents (about 7 *s.*) for a bushel of 60 lbs. A farmer said that for his farm of 300 acres he had paid about 50 dols. taxes before the war, but now he paid four times that sum. There had been a hurdle-race at the fair; and I heard much in praise of a horse which ran with two others, fell at the first fence, jumped up as if no harm had been done, ran two miles, clearing two fences, and then, reaching the grand stand, lay down and died. They who are running a better race may learn a useful lesson from that brave persistent steed.

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There were some coloured people riding in the same carriage; for, as usual, there was but one class. Their behaviour was very quiet and respectful. They were reserved, and not

so ready to engage in conversation or answer questions as my other fellow-travellers. I also observed that they took their seats at the end of the car, so that they sat behind all the other passengers. There was no hindrance to their taking any seat they chose; but I was told that, like the whites, they prefer the society of their own people. For the same reason they gather together religiously, and form “coloured churches.” I talked to a comfortable-looking negress. She told me she was born in New York, had acted as nurse and cook, saved money, married a negro from the West Indies, and now had a farm of 25 acres, cleared land, for which they had paid 300 dols. (about £50). They built a plank house for 150 dols. They grew corn (maize) and wheat, grazed cows, and got 25 cents a pound for their butter (about 10 *d.*). They sometimes had farm-labourers to help them, and gave them 10 dols. a month (about 35 *s.*), with board, lodging, and washing.

I was struck with the great intelligence of all the 122 people I met. Every one seemed to be reading when not talking. Men of the roughest exterior, of the class we might call “clod-hoppers,” and from whom one would expect no coherent reply to any question on matters beyond the daily toils and necessities of life, were discussing domestic and foreign politics with great acuteness, and were prompt to reply with rough but ready courtesy and intelligence to inquiries respecting, not only the agriculture, but the manufactures and general state of the country.

They talked to me of the “Homestead Law.” Eighty acres were allotted to a man and wife: and a larger quantity in proportion to the number of their children, so that a family might obtain as much as 160 acres, without rent. The condition of tenancy was building some sort of a dwelling and settling on the land. There was a small annual tax, not exceeding 8 dols., on the entire allotment. If this was paid regularly, after five years the fief was made over to the tenant by a deed from the government, the cost of which did not exceed 14 dols. (not 50 *s.*) The estate then became his freehold. Entering on his allotment in the spring, an active man could make a small clearing and raise some corn and potatoes the same 123 year. A friend of my informant cleared five acres, and had corn a foot high in June. “A man worth only 200 dols. could get along all right on such a farm, if he didn't mind

roughing it at first." If the taxes were not paid up, the lot was sold to any one who would pay the arrears, due notice having been given to the original grantee to redeem it if he chose. Land with timber on it could be bought for from 5 dols. to 10 dols. per acre. The timber would pay the expenses of clearing, as well as the expenses of the land. When planted with fruit-trees, land would fetch from 200 dols. to 300 dols. per acre (£35 to £50). The word "corn" in America always denotes exclusively "Indian corn" or maize. I observed it standing out in the fields in shocks, and was told it was so left two or three weeks to ripen. Wheat had been selling for 2 dols. 50 cents for a bushel of 60 lbs. (about 8 *s.*) when it was quoted at 14 *s.* per bushel at Liverpool. Wheat had been sent last year from California to Liverpool, where it was ground, sent back to New York, and sold there at a profit. Wheat in California could be sold at 1 dol. 25 cents (about 4 *s.*), at a good profit, as here, in Michigan, at twice that sum. Corn yielded on an average 50 bushels an acre, a 124 bushel of corn being reckoned at 56 lbs. Wheat yielded from 25 to 30 bushels, wheat being reckoned at 60 lbs. the bushel. The surface of the land in Michigan is black mould, several feet thick; and corn and wheat can be grown alternately, for 15 or 20 years without intermission. The straw has no market value, and is burnt to get it out of the way.

Various figures were given me as the rate of wages. One said that a good farm-labourer would get from 18 dols. to 20 dols. per month, with board. Another said that in some parts a good hand could not be got under 25 dols. Another that during harvest a good labourer could get 3 dols. a day. Carpenters got 3 dols. a day, with work all the year. Bricklayers and masons got from 5 dols. to 6 dols. but during the winter were unemployed. There was a man who had worked in the great flour-mill on the Niagara Rapids. He told me that the miller was paid by taking a tithe, *i. e.* 6 lbs. of wheat out of the bushel of 60 lbs., grinding the rest for the owner.

I was amused at an incident which, though trivial, is significant of character and manner. My friend wanting a seat, said to a passenger whose feet were resting on the only vacant

place—“Excuse me, if you 125 please!” To which the reply was blunt, but good-natured, “No need of *that* , sir; haven't you paid for it? Then you've a right to it.”

How differently men look at things; what to some is a seemly courtesy, to others appears unnecessary and impertinent. To conceal a claim under the garb of a request, and to accept as a favour what might be demanded as a right, is felt by some to be but fragrant oil, causing the wheels of our social life to revolve more smoothly. But others look on it as a dangerous concession, an injury to justice, a perilous precedent!

A boy who was passing up and down the car selling apples, asked me to be a purchaser. While I was selecting some of his fruit, he noticed the pin of my neck-tie, and without any hesitation or unnecessary preliminaries, took hold of it and minutely examined it. Was it not there to be seen? Was he not a man and a brother?

But I must bear testimony to the substantial politeness I witnessed in all classes. Though every one spoke to every one without diffidence—a custom of which I availed myself by repaying in similar coin the numerous questions put to me—there was no 126 rudeness or vulgarity, nor did I ever hear any remarks made in miscellaneous company which the women and children present might not listen to without a blush or a fear. If there was less of the high-bred refinement of the best English society, I met with none of the disgusting vulgarity of speech and behaviour which may be sometimes encountered amongst the lowest of our own population. The working classes in America, when they travel, have in their dress, and still more in their manners, the appearance of our middle classes. I always except one atrocious custom: but this, in the districts where it is chiefly developed seems to be considered a national institution, a social custom which natives allow, and of which foreigners have no right to complain.

The scenery of Michigan had nothing very interesting. There was the same succession of belts of forest and partial clearings, and farms and villages, everything looking very new. The parts which were cleared had been cleared a great deal too much, denuded of

trees, and without so much as a hedge: the fields being divided by wooden fences. I do not remember a single tunnel, nor any cutting of consequence. Partly in talking, partly in watching the 127 scenery, partly in walking through all the cars from end to end of the train, now and then stopping for refreshment, to be hurried back to the cars by the cry “All aboard,” the day wore on. It was about eight o'clock P.M. when we reached Chicago, having travelled 400 miles during twenty hours.

Our first experiences were not very pleasant. Wearied with long travel, we entered the Richmond House, the nearest hotel which seemed promising. It was full of men of business, talking business while busily smoking and—. After an uncomfortable night, I appealed to the head-clerk—“I've been ringing my bell, and can get no one to come; for I want a bath and towels.” “No, your bell's broke.” “It's a very noisy room: couldn't you change it?” “I guess you'd be no quieter in the country.” “But you must have better rooms?” “Yes.” “My room opens into two others on each side, and the people in both rooms have been making a great noise most of the night.” Clerk (still with the most indifferent air imaginable): “I know what your room is!” I quietly walked off, for remonstrance was of no use, and I ought to consider myself under great obligations in being sheltered at all.

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It was Sunday morning, Sept. 15. We sallied forth in this remote city, where we were utter strangers, to find ourselves at home with fellow-worshippers in the presence of the same God, and in the praise of the same Saviour. We resolved to go first to a “coloured church.” A full-black negro, of the genuine African type, was standing on the pavement, faultlessly got up in well-cut suit of black broad-cloth, with very white collar, smart neck-tie, and conspicuous wrist-bands. Seeing us somewhat perplexed he courteously asked us where we wanted to go, and then at once offered to conduct us. We found him most respectful, obliging and intelligent. He answered all our inquiries with readiness, and in very good though somewhat ambitious English. I recall one specimen—“Chicago, sir, is the most remarkable illustration of Western civilization extant!” We met a lady in full Parisian costume. Her dress was green silk, faultlessly fitting, and with sweeping train. Over it was

thrown, with elegant carelessness, a white lace-shawl. She wore a chignon of fashionable size, and a tiny, dainty French bonnet, or apology for a bonnet. Her gloves were light kid, not a fraction of a size too large for the hand. An elegant parasol completed 129 the "get-up." The lady was a full-black African, on her way to church. I asked my conductor if he knew who she was. "Oh yes, sir; she's the wife of an artizan of my acquaintance." "How much does he earn?" "About 10 dols. a week" (35 *s.*). On expressing my surprise that she could afford to dress in such a manner, he replied, "You see, sir, all people like to distinguish themselves somehow. Most ways of getting distinguished are shut up against coloured people; but they can dress, and so they do it as their only way of being distinguished."

The "coloured church" was a plain, substantial building, resembling a large school-room. It was well filled with negroes, all of them scrupulously clean; the men in black, with well-brushed hats, and very white linen; the women in smart attire, excepting those who were in mourning, of whom there seemed to be a large proportion. The minister occupied a platform at the opposite end. He was of the darkest African hue, and was very clerically dressed, though without a gown. Just below and in front of him, supported on trestles, was an open coffin, in which lay the body of a young negro in his shroud, the face being exposed to view. He had come to his end K 130 very suddenly and mysteriously. It was suspected that a young woman who was in love with him had poisoned him on learning that he was about to be married to another. His affianced bride, with the members and friends of the two families, were now present on occasion of the funeral sermon.

The clergyman seemed about 25 years of age; he had a very intellectual countenance, a good voice, an accent above the average of educated Americans, and spoke, with some peculiarities, very good English. He did not use any manuscript. His manner at first was very slow and hesitating. He seemed disturbed by many late arrivals. But when the church was full and quiet he became very animated, till in language, voice, and action, he rose to genuine eloquence. What was far better, it was his evident desire to do good, and not to make a display. Altogether, it was one of the most effective sermons I have ever heard. I

thought that if some preachers who may be disposed to sneer at “negro clergymen” could do the chief work of a clergyman as he did, and were as “apt to teach,” there would not be so many empty pews.

I took shorthand notes of the sermon, and will transcribe a few sentences as a specimen of his style, 131 though no report can do justice to the force of his delivery, and its effect on the audience. His text was from Proverbs xiv. 32, “The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death.” He said:

“This text is *co-operated* and proved by many other texts. This is plain—the wicked is not *invited to go* away, not *sent* away, but *driven* away. O how terrible to think of a man whom God has made susceptible of all the feelings of a man, and capable of religion, but he neglects God and abuses his talents, and when God comes to settle up with him, he is found unfaithful, and God says: Cast him into outer darkness! All the sins you have committed will follow you. Hell is the place where all sin will be cast. It can't stay on the earth; you will meet your sin there; you will have to live with it. You must spend eternity with all your wickedness as companions. As the victim of the murderer always is haunting him, and he fancies the constable is after him, and has no rest, so the wicked ‘is like the troubled sea’; so a man's sins will haunt him in hell. Do you speak of fire? I speak of wickedness! Whether there will be fire, or something else, this is a 132 figure; but the reality always exceeds the figure. The wicked is driven away in his wickedness. Great God, help me to speak to this congregation! (*Supressed groans among the people.*) There are only two places for two congregations. Great God, help us, that we be not driven away! (*Groans and sighs.*) It is bad to be driven away from a friend when he is set against you; you can never forget it. Think of God! He is the greatest of friends. O! to be driven away from Him! Those who are not prepared for the happy place, prepare themselves for the unhappy place. If a man wishes to go to heaven, God will help him on there; and if he *will* go to hell, the devil will help him on *there* . I set before you this day life or death. If a man chooses to go to hell, it's his own fault. But you want to know whether Henry Clay had hope in his death. I can only say as much of him as of the thief

on the cross. He said he believed Christ was able and willing to save him. He prayed all last winter, and the winter before. He told us he was not being driven away. Oh, thank God for that! (*Emotion*) Thank heaven we serve such a God! If, like the thief on the cross, we look to Him, He will save us! I give this young man 133 only this credit. He had done no good—he hadn't converted any one—had distributed the Bible nowhere—but he just made his escape, like the dying thief. *Jesus stopped dying to save that thief!* And he is able to save now. I am happy to have such a Saviour to proclaim to the wicked young men of Chicago—a Saviour able to save to the very extremity! (*Emotion.*) But don't you sit down on that. You may have no time to pray if you wait till you die. This young man prayed two years. Begin this day! (*Emotion.*) You remember brother Powell? he that sat there, just last Sunday (pointing to a bench at the side of the church). I was told last night he was just gone to heaven. When he parted with me to go to see his friends in Maryland, he said: 'If ever you come to that part, find me out; but, if I never see your face again on earth, hard by God's eternal throne I'll meet you.' The old man had hope in his death. He does not sit in this congregation any longer, but he sits up yonder! (*Great excitement.*) I have a strong hope that I shall not be lost in the valley of the shadow of death. Death is called the King of Terrors, and when he comes with his arrows he tries the strongest. Alexander, who conquered nations, 134 and wept when he had no more to conquer, Death conquered him! He will try us all; but the righteous have a strong hope to reach eternal bliss, beyond this valley of tears. (*Cries of Yes! yes! O my God!*) A strong hope, even while dying! (*Yes! yes!*) David said, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul'; but he said, 'Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him!' (*Yes! yes!*) We must hope in God in the midst of the greatest trials, and even in death. But let me speak to these young people. You have got to die—in the wilderness or the city, at home or as a stranger—but if you've got Jesus, it's more than all the world! (*So it is! so it is!*) You *must* pray *sometime* and *somewhere* , on earth or in hell! 'To me *every* knee shall bow.' If we pray on earth, we get the benefit: if in hell, there is no benefit. Dives prayed in hell, and it was no benefit. But this young man prayed on earth. He enjoyed health. A few weeks ago he looked as if he would outlive your humble servant. How soon disease wasted him! So it may be with us! and if we die in our wickedness, God

will say, ‘Depart, ye cursed!’ None will be driven away but those who prepare themselves for it. God! my Master, send conviction to these young 135 men. (*Sensation.*) Before next Sunday some, perhaps, may die. Shall the word be ‘Depart,’ or ‘Come, ye blessed?’ Decide to-day; and that we may all meet in the presence of God is the prayer of your friend!”

At the close of the service, the multitude walked round the church, passing by the side of the coffin, as when the body of a great man lies in state. The warm feelings of the negro found vent in tears and sighs, and exclamations of sorrow. Some of the relatives could scarcely be led from the corpse. The affianced bride gave way to the most passionate grief. But there was great solemnity and propriety of behaviour notwithstanding. It was a sad and impressive scene, which, with the sermon, will never be effaced from my memory.

At the door of the principal Presbyterian church we took leave of our courteous negro guide, who would evidently have considered himself insulted by any offer of pecuniary compensation. The service was just over. We were recognized by the Rev. Dr. Torry, who took us at once into the school-room to address a bible-class. A lady also accosted me, expressing her thanks for the courtesy she had once experienced in my church in London in being shown into a pew, 136 and the pleasure she had felt as a stranger in hearing a special prayer offered for those who might be present who were far from home. I was often struck with the deep impression made on Americans, when they visit the old country, by the smallest attentions, and with the eagerness with which they repay them, and with interest, too! One of the elders took us off to dinner; after which, we were escorted to four schools, at each of which both my friend and myself were called upon to address the children; and in the evening we preached in two churches of different orders, neither of them being what might be called our own. There seemed to be a perilous laxity in the clergy of Chicago! They positively asked nothing about church or sect, but welcomed us simply as fellow-Christians and brother-labourers in the Gospel! And we were betrayed

into the same laxity, and accepted their welcome without first ascertaining whether they belonged to the True Church!

CHAPTER VI. CHICAGO.

Advantages of Location—History—Progress—Go-ahead—Town Lifted—Transport of Houses—Elevators—Water-works—Lieut.-Governor Bross—Giant Trees—Fire Signals—Churches—Schools—Young Men's Christian Association—Robert Lincoln.

CHICAGO is more than one thousand miles of railway journey from Boston. Situated on the south shore of Lake Michigan, it has direct water communication with the vast coast-line of that great inland sea, whose circumference is about 800 miles. But as Lakes Superior and Huron form with it one undivided expanse of water, the entire coast in immediate command of Chicago, leaving Lake Erie to the care of Detroit, extends upwards of 2,500 miles. Vessels load at Chicago, and by the lakes, canals, and the river St. Lawrence, find their way by a navigation of 2,000 miles to the Atlantic, and do not shift their cargo till they reach Liverpool. Moreover, at Chicago, railways converge from Minnesota, 138 Iowa and Illinois, bringing to its markets, warehouses, and wharfs the produce of the great North-west country, and of the vast and now cultivated prairie-lands of the Far West. Since my visit Chicago has direct railway communication with California, and thence, by steamers, with China, by the Union Pacific Railway. It is not, therefore, surprising that Chicago should have a vast trade in timber, beef, pork, and all live-stock; that it should be the chief primary market for grain in the world, and that it should promise to rival even New York in its commerce.

To illustrate the observation of my negro friend, that “Chicago is the most remarkable manifestation of modem civilization extant,” I will cull a few facts of its history.

The Delaware Indians inhabiting the region called themselves Lenno-Lenape, or *real men* . To express this idea to the French explorers they used the word “leno” or “leni.” The French version is Illinois. The first white men who visited the district were two Jesuit

missionaries, in 1662. Wolfe's victories in 1759 thwarted the purposes of France; and subsequently, in the American revolutionary war, the northwestern possessions of the British Empire fell to the 139 United States. In 1809 an Act of Congress constituted Illinois a “territory.” The first Legislature had five members in its Upper House, and seven in its “House of Assembly.” The author of “Western Annals” says:—“They did their work like men devoted to business. Not one attorney is found on their list of names. They deliberated like sensible men, passed such laws as they deemed the country needed, made no speeches, had no contention, and, after a brief session of some ten or twelve days, adjourned.”

In 1804 there was a solitary fort built on the prairie, by the shore of Lake Michigan, for the protection of traders. It had fifty men and three guns. When the war broke out, it was evacuated, the commander being ordered to distribute the government property among the Indians. A council was called, and the Indians promised to escort them safely, on condition of receiving the stores. But during the night the powder was thrown into a well, the guns destroyed, and the liquor poured away, through fear of these proving a dangerous gift to the savages. The next morning, when the Indians assembled for their presents, disappointment and revenge were visible in their faces. 140 The party had not proceeded many miles when they were attacked by a large party of Indians who were in ambuscade. Many of the party were massacred, and the remainder kept in captivity till ransomed.

In 1818 only two white families resided at Chicago. In 1831 about a dozen families constituted, with the officers and small garrison, the entire population. In that year there was a great event, for the schooner *Marengo* arrived from Detroit, anchoring out in the lake. This was the commencement of Chicago commerce. There was no post office; but once in two weeks an Indian was sent to Niles, in Michigan, to bring all the letters and papers, the journey occupying six or seven days. The first religious meetings were held weekly in the fort by a few members of the Methodist Church, generally the first pioneer of American evangelization. In 1832 Chicago was threatened by a large party of Indians,

under “Black Hawk,” who ravaged the neighbouring settlements, and murdered many of the Whites. The fort of Chicago was crowded with fugitives. In this year the first lot of cattle (200 head) ever packed in Chicago were slaughtered by a Mr. Dole. They cost him 11 *s.* per cwt. He also packed 350 hogs, for which he 141 paid 12 *s.* per cwt. This was the commencement of the enormous trade now carried on in beef and pork. In 1854 it had amounted to £300,000 per annum. In 1832 the total rates were 357 dollars. In 1854 they were 380,809 dols.; and as the city is four times the size now, the present rates doubtless exceed 1,500,000 dols. In 1833 the “Town of Chicago” was formally constituted, at the first election of five Trustees. The total number of electors was twenty-eight. This town of Chicago is, therefore, only thirty-six years old. The 26th of September of the same year is an important date, for a treaty was signed with the Pottawotamie Indians, 7,000 of whom had assembled, and who ceded to the United States all their territory in Northern Illinois and Wisconsin, amounting to twenty million acres. Growth now became rapid. Between April and September, 1834, 150 vessels discharged their cargoes. But the city was still a mere camp in the woods. Bears sometimes invaded its precincts, and many wolves prowled round the log-huts at night. A great hunt was got up, and the results of the day's sport were one bear and forty wolves.

In 1835 the population had increased to above 142 3,000. The grand Illinois and Michigan Canal was now commenced. By the Illinois river it unites the waters of the Mississippi with those of Lake Michigan. The size of the canal allows sailing-vessels of large tonnage to perform the voyage from New Orleans to Chicago, and thence to Buffalo, Quebec, and the Atlantic. This canal gave an immense impetus to commerce, and in six years the town trebled its population. The following numbers of population are a brief and emphatic history:—In 1830 a dozen families, amongst savages and wolves; in 1840, 4,000; 1846, 14,000; 1850, 28,000; 1853, 60,000; 1868, 250,000

The character of the people of Chicago is influenced by its history. “Go-ahead” is written on almost every countenance, seen in almost every action, heard in almost every conversation. The people of Chicago naturally think that “they are the people!” They

quite look down upon the old folks of Boston, and even of New York, as behind the age. Travellers have not seen America who don't go to Chicago. The cities of the eastern shore are but its suburbs. Instead of Chicago being “far west,” it is the centre of civilization, the fountain of progress. Would you 143 know the true genius of America? Go to Chicago! Would you see how business should be transacted? Go to Chicago! Would you learn how to perform impossibilities? Go to Chicago! Would you ascertain the direction that political questions will take? Ask the people of Chicago! And if you desire an example of benevolence and religious zeal in building churches, providing schools, conducting young men's Christian Associations—then also, go to Chicago!

To return to my personal reminiscences. Early on Monday morning we were honoured by a call from Mr. Bross, the Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois. He is the proprietor and chief editor of the principal newspaper, the *Chicago Tribune* and a man of remarkable intelligence and energy. The result of his visit was advantageous, as we at once were accommodated with better quarters, though our remonstrances with the manager had hitherto been unavailing. Mr. Bross placed his carriage, and, still better, himself, at our service for the inspection of the town.

The first thing noticeable is that the pavements are about six feet higher than the roads. How is this? The town was built on low flat land. Difficulty was found in draining; a sufficient fall could not be 144 secured. So it was resolved to lift up the houses. One special “block” was pointed out to me. There were about a dozen very large hotels and warehouses, six or seven stories high, and solidly built of stone. The walls at the bottom having been cut from the foundation, 10,000 jacks were placed below. One man was stationed to every six, and at an appointed signal every man gave his six screws half a turn. Then the whole block imperceptibly but surely rose up. It was all done so quietly that business was not suspended for a moment; the dining and sleeping at the hotels going on without interruption, most of the guests perhaps unaware how they were being elevated. The pavements had, of course, to be raised on a level with the doors, and, when walking, we were frequently reminded of the warning, “use your intellect,” as a fall of many feet into

the roadway would be the result of a sudden attempt to cross over to the shops on the opposite side, or of not observing the steps at the end of every block, by which passengers descend into the street, to mount again on the other side of the crossing.

As the city spreads it is often found desirable to remove buildings in order to raise others more suited 145 to the site. But the old buildings must not be wasted or injured. How can the difficulty be met? It is almost the case of the Irish magistrates who, it is said, passed a resolution to build a new gaol from the materials of the old one; and another resolution, that the old gaol should not be pulled down till the new one was ready. Almost, but not quite. The people of Chicago put the old gaol on rollers and take it off elsewhere, prisoners and all; so that the new one can be erected on the site of the old, and yet the old gaol not be taken down. I was told of a. church, steeple included, which was thus taken from one end of the city to the other. I saw a specimen of house-removal in the town of Buffalo. A wooden dwelling, three stories high, was slowly passing along a street, entirely filling it, the trees of the avenue being injured by the house tearing off many branches on its way. A woman was nursing a baby at an upper window, calmly surveying the scene as she passed along. The method was as follows. A strong rope was fastened to the bottom of the house, and was wound, by a single horse, round a windlass which was planted in the middle of the street. A number of men were at work conveying the rollers from the L 146 rear to the front. From time to time the windlass was planted farther up the street as the house advanced. Of course, for the time, all other traffic was stopped in the street thus occupied. I was glad to witness for myself what might have seemed an exaggeration. This is a frequent occurrence in Chicago.

Chicago is, perhaps, the largest emporium for grain in the world. Our honourable guide said, “You may go 200 miles through the prairie, and never be out of sight of corn-fields.” He took us to see one of those great buildings for the warehousing of grain, called “Elevators.” It could hold a million bushels. The grain, on being shovelled in from the wagon, is lifted by an endless chain of buckets to the very top of the building, nearly 100 feet. There it enters various bins, where it is weighed, and by troughs, which are placed

in all directions and are moveable, descends into other bins, where it is stored. When it is to be sent out, it is raised as before, and weighed again, for the weight diminishes in proportion to quality and age. It weighs itself, for in descending it is arrested by a valve, which gives way when a certain quantity has accumulated, and lets the grain 147 down while the supply is stopped. The machine is self-registering. The grain then descends by the moveable troughs to the hold of the ship alongside. A large vessel may receive its entire cargo in one hour. I copy a statement given me of the receipts and shipments of grain during forty-eight hours, with the corresponding quantities on the same date of the preceding year:—

1847 1846. Flour 10,853 barrels 8,951 Wheat 135,573 bushels 132,340 Corn (maize) 148,480 ” 143,240 Oats 133,011 ” 38,145 Rye 16,086 ” 10,050 Barley 39,428 ” 8,498 Grass seed 1,370 lbs. 133,355

We drove to the new water-works. Half a mile out in the lake a shaft is sunk, where the water is 35 feet deep. The shaft descends 50 feet below the bed of the lake, and rises 20 feet above it, i.e., within 15 feet of the surface. The water, supposed to be most free from all impurities at this depth, here enters the open shaft. On the shore another shaft is sunk of 90 feet, thus giving 5 feet fall. The tunnel along which the water flows has 50 feet of clay and mud above it. It is thus safe from injury by ships 148 and anchors. An engine of 800-horse power sends the water to the top of a lofty tower, whence it is distributed all over the town. This water-supply is estimated as sufficient for two millions of people, a population which Chicago will possess in twenty years, at the same ratio of increase as at present.

There is another water-supply, which came unexpectedly. An artesian well was sunk for petroleum oil. When a depth of 700 feet had been reached, water gushed forth. It is said that the spring thus discovered is of itself sufficient for the supply of Chicago.

We were shown an interesting relic of the late war, in the shape of some tattered flags which had been carried by the Chicago contingent. One of these, of which little was left but the staff, had been carried by eight men successively in one battle. The first who held it was six feet seven inches high. The very first shot fired killed him; he was too good a

mark. Another man caught the flag; he, too, was struck down. Then another and another followed, the flag never touching the ground. The citizens at home did not forget those in the front. One day a messenger came on 'Change telling of the necessities of 149 the army. Within an hour dollars were pouring in by thousands, and that evening a heavy luggage-train went off, conveying all sorts of stores to “the brave boys in the front.” The bodies of those of the Chicago regiments who fell in battle were brought home to be buried.

As we drove about, the Lieut.-Governor entertained us with much interesting information, personal and local. His father was a rich man—rich only in this, that he had nine boys and two girls. He himself had risen gradually from nowhere to his present position. He had a brother who commanded a regiment of negro troops in the siege of Richmond. He led them into the breach made by the explosion of the mine at Petersburgh, but, owing to some error of the generals, the order was too long delayed, and the enemy had time to prepare. His brother was shot down among his coloured soldiers, who behaved with the utmost gallantry. Most were killed; few came out unscathed. In illustration of the rapid increase in the value of land, he told us that a friend of his bought 14 acres for 7,000 dols., and within eight months sold the plot for twice that sum. He himself had bought 100 feet of land in the city for 150 25,000 dols, which he could have sold for 50,000 within the year. Coal was found 175 feet below the surface. Illinois was full of coal, and in a hundred years would supply the Britishers. He was evidently a lover and patron of the fine arts. The ceiling of a large reception-room in his private house was adorned with an elaborate fresco-painting, Agriculture being represented on one side, Commerce (by ships and railways) on the other. There were several good pictures of scenes in California which he had visited, and gigantic trees he had himself measured. There was a view of the Yo Semite Valley, where the rocks are from 3,000 to 6,000 feet perpendicular; and a waterfall comes over in an unbroken leap of 1,600 feet. The valley in some places is only one mile wide. He had seen a plank twelve feet wide. He had driven through a tree, which was partially burnt, and was lying in the road. He had measured one which was thirty feet in

diameter. The forest fire gets into the bark, and thus into the centre of the tree, which it often hollows, the tree still growing. Fifteen ladies and gentlemen on horseback had been inside such a tree at once, with foliage 250 feet above them. There was a tree lying 151 on the ground, against which were 26 steps for mounting the side. Another was 63 feet in circumference, and 305 in height. He had measured another which was 27 feet in diameter without the bark. Another was 87 feet in circumference, and, above all, the “Father of the Forest” was 112 feet in girth. The bark was from 16 to 20 inches thick, and the estimated age from 2,500 to 3,000 years. The seed-cone of this giant vegetable is very small. I simply report these figures given me by Mr. Bross in illustration of his pictures, and as the result of his personal inspection.

In order not to impede the navigation of the river, the carriage-road is carried under it by a tunnel, where the water is 20 feet deep. Along the river-side, stacks of “lumber,” ie., sawn timber, extend a distance of three miles. We saw many prairie-chickens at the poulterer's, and at supper-time found their flavour excellent. They may rank with our pheasant. We saw a large water-melon in a store-window, and ascertained that it weighed 56½lbs. We noticed a placard on a house—“Small-pox is here,” a regulation of the authorities to guard the unsuspecting from contagious diseases, which it might be well to imitate. We went 152 to see one of the great establishments for slaughtering and packing cattle and pigs. The unpleasant necessity of taking animal life is attended with the minimum of torture and delay. By a semi-mechanical process, and the principle of the division of labour, pig after pig enters at the top of an inclined trough, receives its one and fatal wound, is killed, scrubbed, divided as it passes down, and is ready for packing in a few minutes. The proprietor told me that one day after the clock struck twelve he received an order for a thousand hogs. He went and bought them, drove them two miles to the packing-house, and despatched them in barrels to New York, whither they were being hurried along by rail before twelve o'clock the next day.

We were much interested in the method of giving warning in case of fire. About 150 telegraphic boxes are put up in different sections of the city, the key of each being kept

at the nearest police-station. When a fire breaks out one turn is given to the handle of the nearest box. This communicates with the head-office, where persons are always on the watch. The signal thus given indicates the number of the box from which it was sent. A general signal is then transmitted to all the fire-brigade stations of the city. This warning-bell 153 is followed by the number of the district where the fire has broken out, and within five minutes all the fire-engines of Chicago are converging on the point of danger. It is considered a proof of bungling if more than two minutes elapse between an alarm and the starting of an engine. When the bell rings, the horses begin to tramp and snort with impatience. The highest premium paid for insurance was 7½ to 10 per cent.; the lowest was 3 per cent.

The churches and schools of Chicago are characterized by the go-ahead spirit which prevails. We inspected the First Presbyterian church. It has seats for 1,200 and cost £14,000. The pews, or “slips,” are rated at a certain price, and let annually. Those who are willing to pay the highest premium, in addition to the rated price, have the preference. “Slips” seating five persons are let from 25 to 150 dols. (about £4 to £20). The gross annual income from pews is about £2,000. The pews had soft spring cushions at the back, as well as on the seats, and fans were in all of them, as part of the church furniture. The entire floor was handsomely carpeted. So was the room of the Sunday school. There are few people in Chicago who are not well able to contribute to 154 the support of religious worship. Accommodation is freely offered to all visitors who have no seat of their own; and there are several mission churches, where all tie seats are free. All classes of persons attend the Sunday school. Lincoln's favourite son “Tad” is a scholar, and we narrowly missed seeing him, with the other boys, on our visit to the schools the day before. We saw several coloured children along with the white scholars. An economical method was adopted of shaking hands. The children all rose, and my friend and myself being formally introduced, with all honours, the children held up their right hands, and imitated the process of hand-shaking, to which we responded in like manner; and so we shook

hands with the whole school without loss of time. We found the rooms for the Sunday schools provided with pianos, and the walls hung with maps and sacred pictures.

There was no sign that religion was likely to die out because unsustained by Government. Indications of pious zeal and generosity met us at every turn. The incumbent of the First Presbyterian Church spoke warmly in favour of the American system of Free Churches. He said that sometimes a rich man would 155 leave an endowment on a church, but it was generally found to do injury by sending the people to sleep. A noon prayer-meeting is held daily in the great hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. It was crowded by merchants and others, who had come together to spend half an hour in devotion, in the midst of the bustle of the day. Any one who chose rose and offered prayer, or said a few words of exhortation. No one occupied above three or four minutes. Verses of hymns were sung with great fervour between the prayers.

The Young Men's Christian Association is on a grand scale. The new building has cost many thousand pounds. It contains about fifty bed-rooms for as many young men. They pay a moderate rental, and have the benefit of dining-room, meals at moderate charges, reading-room, bath-room, and a spacious gymnasium on the upper story. There are class-rooms for evening lessons, and a great hall for lectures and music. There are also offices of reference, where young men seeking situations, and employers needing assistants, register their names. This institution is supported by all denominations, and represents neither Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, nor Methodism, 156 but the entire Christian Church in its active development. One of its organizations is for the relief of casual poverty and sickness, the funds being contributed specially for the purpose by the merchants and others of Chicago.

We paid a hasty visit to the Common Schools. In an empty class-room of the high school we noticed the black boards on which recent lessons had been illustrated. One had on it a diagram from the 6th book of Euclid; another some difficult algebraical sums; a third, a poetical exercise. In another school we found a number of children reading together,

with loud voices and good emphasis. Every child had a chair and a separate desk. The names were called over, each child reporting the result of examination, whether “perfect,” or having “one fault,” or “two faults,” &c. Judge Trimball was visiting the schools at the same time, and was asked to address the children. He gave them the excellent advice never to pass a lesson without fully understanding it. The school was dismissed by a boy coming to the piano and sounding two chords, on which the eldest class rose up. Then a march was played, to the sound of which all the children filed off, keeping time, class 157 after class. About one child in ten proceeds from the primary to the high school.

The day was extremely hot, the thermometer being 99° in the shade. It must have been more at night, when the mosquitoes turned out in force. I saw a man whose face reminded me of small-pox, so dreadfully had he been punished. In the evening I addressed a large assembly on the political relations of Great Britain and America, in the interests of international peace. In the course of the day we had called to see young Mr. Robert Lincoln. We found him up a long flight of stairs, writing at his desk. He is an attorney. There was nothing in his manner to indicate that his father had occupied a higher position than any other citizen. He cheerfully accepted our invitation to breakfast with us at our hotel next morning. He was with us at an early hour on Tuesday; for his business had to be attended to. He is about five-and twenty; modest, quiet, and utterly unassuming. No one seemed to regard him as possessing any rank, by reason of his father having been President, nor did he so regard himself. He laughed heartily at a joke of ours about his being called “His Royal Highness 158 the Prince Robert.” He said that what chiefly astonished and grieved his father during the war, was that the organs of English opinion which had ridiculed or censured Americans for slavery, turned round and condemned them when actual steps were taken for putting it down. This had greatly tended to destroy in America all respect for English opinion.

He said he always knew he must get his own living. He had been from the first brought up for the law, and he had not allowed his studies to be interrupted a single day by his father being President. The only pause had been when, like other young men, he had served in

the army, volunteering as a private. Speaking of the memorials sent from England on the death of his father, he said the family preserved them all; and that there were more from Great Britain than from his own country. I asked if it was true that the Queen had written to his mother. He replied, “Yes, a long letter of four pages. We have been often urged to publish it, but we have decided not to do so, as it was evidently written with no idea of publicity, though it would be greatly to the honour of the Queen if it were made known; but it was so evidently the unrestrained outpouring of sympathy from a full 159 heart, that we felt it would be a violation of propriety to publish it, at least during the life of the writer.” Speaking of the Far West plains, he said they were worth seeing, only we might get scalped; and he told us of a man who had been attacked by the Indians, shammed dead, was scalped, watched the Indian, saw him accidentally drop the scalp, and ride off. He then crept to the place, recovered his personal property, replaced it, and recovered. Mr. Lincoln hoped to visit England some day, and we promised him a hearty reception.

I ought to add that on asking for our hotel bill, I again received the reply, “It has been arranged”; but by whom I never knew.

CHAPTER VII. THE PRAIRIES AND LINCOLN'S HOME.

Scenery of the Prairies—Prairie Corn, &c.—Bloomington—Springfield—Lincoln's Grave and House—History and Anecdotes of Lincoln—The Mississippi—St. Louis.

ON September 18, we left by an early train, on the St. Louis line. Passing alongside the three miles of lumber wharves which line the Chicago River, we came out on the prairie. The vast undulating plain reminded me of the Roman Campagna. There was little or no enclosure—no hedges—only here and there a rude fence. Sometimes we went through the original grass, as yet undisturbed by the plough. It was so high that it reached up to, and sometimes above, the backs of the cattle as they grazed. A brilliant yellow flower, resembling a small sun-flower, was very abundant, brightening the prairie in every direction. At long intervals we came to small clumps of trees, standing alone, like islets

in the vast ocean. Why should those few trees be there, when the great plain around is treeless?

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Very little of the primæval grass remained. We came upon it in small patches only, amidst the cultivation. Sometimes we saw nothing but corn—corn to the right of us, corn to the left of us, corn in the front of us—as far as the eye could reach, without hedge or visible fence. Here and there we came upon hamlets, where the first “squatters” on the soil were founding what may some day become great cities.

The “frame-houses” were slight structures of wood-like boxes placed upon the ground. We noticed one of these hamlets, which had two churches, though the population was only three hundred. But the settlers from the district around come in on Sundays to worship, and crowd them. There was no settlement without its school and church. Education and religion seemed to be never neglected, though the former was dependent on self-imposed taxation in each district, and the latter on the voluntary zeal of the worshippers. Strange that religion could inspire men with sufficient interest to maintain its institutions without the compulsory interference of the State! Yet I was assured that this was the case throughout the Union. The Americans must be much more earnest in religion than the English, if there is any M 162 foundation for the fears of those who predict the overthrow of Christianity should the Government cease to uphold it.

An intelligent fellow-traveller—(but why do I say *intelligent?* it was rarely I ever accosted an American in a railway-car who could not give me most intelligent replies to my numerous inquiries)—a fellow-traveller described to me the process of cultivating the prairies. In June or July the land is turned up by the plough, and left fallow during the winter. In May, Indian corn is sown, which is ripe about the end of October. The stocks are cut off, and the stubble left standing. The next spring, wheat may be planted with a drill, dispensing with ploughing altogether, or it may be sown, and then covered over by a “shovel-plough.” A good crop can be got in this way, though generally the land is ploughed, when, of course,

the crop is better. Wheat may thus be sown for twenty years in succession without manure of any sort being placed on the land. There is a rocky subsoil, the strata lying horizontal. Excellent stone may be easily obtained very near the surface. The loam above is so rich as to require no help. You have but to scatter your seed and it grows of itself. My informant had 163 raised from seventy-five to a hundred and twenty-five bushels of corn to the acre. That year the yield would not exceed fifty. Wheat averaged from fifteen to twenty bushels an acre. Corn (maize) was grown chiefly for feeding stock. He had seen it at Cairo, N.Y., growing nineteen feet high. The straw was generally left on the ground for the cattle, or burnt; there was no market for it. At the “Board of Trade” in Chicago they knew in the forenoon of each day what was the price quoted for wheat in the London market at three o'clock the same afternoon. We saw no barns: the wheat is stored in small round stacks.

We observed the carcases of several cows, and were told that at this season they break in through the feeble fences to devour the green corn, of which they are very fond, and which they eat so immoderately that it kills them. I can make great allowance for their greediness, as I know of no delicacy in the vegetable world comparable with this “green corn,” which in September is never absent from an American dinner-table. It is boiled entire, and a little butter being placed on it, it is held up to the mouth by both hands and turned round for the teeth to lay hold of the sweet and juicy grains. It is to be feared that 164 some human beings every year share the fate of the cattle. I hardly wonder.

I was informed that, eight or nine years ago, prairieland could be bought for about four shillings an acre, which was now worth about £3; and, if cultivated, £8. Pigs off the prairie were selling at from three to five cents per lb. “live weight” (from 1½d. to 2½d.). Cattle at six cents per lb., gross weight, was considered a high price. Wheat was one-eighty to two dollars a bushel of sixty-two lbs. (about 6 *s.* currency).

We observed many large rolled stones, or giant pebbles, lying on the surface of the prairie where it had been turned up by the plough. I remarked a monster weed, which my communicative friend told me was called the “horse-weed,” and that it grows from ten to

fifteen feet in height. He had driven through it when the ears of his horse, sixteen and a half hands high, had been completely hidden from view. We saw some “prairie chickens” running about, and fluttering low; and many large hawks hovering above, as if hungry for dinner. Further on in the prairie, as we approached St. Louis, we saw hedges for the first time. They were composed of the “Osage orange,” and were very thorny. There was 165 not a tunnel or a cutting in the whole journey of nearly three hundred miles. There were seldom any fences alongside. We frequently saw pigs close to the line, and were told that it is a common occurrence for the “protector,” in front of the engine, to catch them up and toss them on one side, with all their bones crushed,—a fate not unfrequently shared by cows and oxen.

In one place there were workmen excavating. I was informed that they were lowering the bed of the canal which unites the Michigan Lake with the Mississippi. By this slight cutting of a few feet the waters from the little river or creek of Chicago, instead of entering the lake, will flow westward into the Illinois River, and thus into the Mississippi, so flushing the channel, and affording excellent drainage for the great City of the West.

We passed Bloomington, a town of twelve thousand inhabitants, with ten churches, a hundred and twenty-six miles from Chicago. Here is the State-university, a normal training-school for about eight hundred teachers, whose education is paid for by the Government of the State—all fees being remitted on condition of their exercising their profession a certain number of years within the State of Illinois.

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While chatting with our unknown fellow-passengers, and fancying we also were unknown, I was much surprised by the conductor putting, a telegram into my hands, addressed to me “On board the cars.” It had been received at the station where we had last stopped and we transmitted the answer from the next. It was to ascertain what title might be announced for my expected address that evening.

It was about four o'clock when we reached Springfield, a hundred and eighty-five miles south-west of Chicago. Hearty friends, though previously unknown, waited for us at the depôt. No time was to be lost if we were to see Lincoln's grave and house before dark. We were first driven to the Court House, where we were introduced to the Governor of Illinois. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, very homely in his manners, and, with his Secretary of State, was chatting and laughing familiarly with a group of citizens of various conditions. As we drove away I referred to the entire absence of state formality, guards, and attendants in connection with a person who was virtually the constitutional monarch of a State larger than some European kingdoms. My friend replied, “We've no need of that sort of thing. He is sustained 167 by the love of his fellow-citizens; and when he doesn't deserve it, no outward pomp would do any good.”

The cemetery is about two miles from the pleasant little town. It is a bit of hilly forest land, almost in its original wild condition, with rocks, and trees of various ages and size. The tomb of the martyred President resembles an ice-house, turfed over, with a plain brick front, on which is the simple word “LINCOLN.” There is no ornament of any kind but wild flowers growing about, of which he used to be very fond. A notice-board forbids visitors to pluck any of these from his resting-place.

Then we drove back to the town, and were kindly received by the ladies who at present are the occupants of the house where he lived many years. It is a small, unpretending, comfortable, wooden residence, at the corner of two roads, standing not above twelve feet back from the thoroughfare. There are four small rooms on the basement. The one to the right, on entering, is “Mrs. Lincoln's parlour,” and behind it is the kitchen; the one to the left is the “reception-room,” and behind it Mr. Lincoln's room, where he sat and wrote. When, after “roughing it” in his 168 youth, he began to succeed as a lawyer, he built this modest house, with only a half-storey above the basement—the upper rooms having lean-to ceilings. When he was nominated President, Mrs. Lincoln wished the roof raised, and the upper rooms improved, but her plain spouse steadily refused—the house was good

enough. But once, when he was absent for a few weeks, she got it done, and great was his consternation at his return; he hardly knew his home, for it had four little rooms upstairs instead of two, with level instead of sloping ceilings!

In one room is a painful relic. Framed as a picture, is a bit of the dress of Laura Keene, the actress who rushed from the stage when he was assassinated in the theatre, and supported the President's head. The gay-coloured silk is stained with blood.

There is a book for visitors to enrol their names. We wrote ours on the desk at which Lincoln penned his inaugural Presidential address. His table and bedstead are still shown; the rest of the furniture was sold away after he became President, and the house let to the tenants who now occupy it. Our kind conductor told us of an amusing dialogue he had heard in that little room of Mr. Lincoln's. 169 A man, who had called on him to ascertain for himself if, according to his own views, Mr. Lincoln was suitable for high office, asked the future President-“Do you smoke?” “Never.” “Do you drink?” “Never,” replied Lincoln. “O,yes!once I had a serenade, when the young men demanded that I should join them in a toast. I protested; but they seized me, and poured some down my throat. That was the only time.” “Oh then, you'll do!” replied the questioner.

We were told many anecdotes illustrative of his character. The reader may not object to be reminded of the leading facts in his life. He was born in Kentucky, in 1809, in a rude log-cabin. His parents were both religious persons. In his eighth year the family emigrated into Indiana, where they built another cabin, and cleared the forest around. Two years had not passed when his mother died. Long afterwards he lie said, “All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother—blessings on her memory!” A letter from the orphan boy brought “Parson Elkin,” on horseback, a hundred miles through the forest, to preach her funeral sermon under the tree at the foot of which she was buried. 170 All the schooling of little Abraham was comprised within a single year; but he was fond of reading, and greedily devoured every book he could lay hold of, his favourites being the Bible, Æsop, and Bunyan. He was active in all the work of the little farm. He learnt the use of tools, and

at the age of eighteen built a little boat for taking the produce of the farm down the river to market. In after-years, he related to his Secretary of State how once, as he stood at the landing, a steamer approached, and two persons came to the bank, wishing to be taken on board with their luggage. Looking at the different boats, they singled out his own, and when he had bad put them on board the steamer, each of them threw him a half-dollar coin as he be was pushing off. “I could scarcely believe my eyes,” said he to Mr. Secretary Seward. “You may think it was a very little thing, but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely believe that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time.”

At the age of nineteen, he was employed to take charge of a flat-boat and its cargo, down the Mississippi 171 to New Orleans, and, though the voyage was one of 1,800 miles, and he had never made the trip, his ability and honesty were such, that the owner trusted the cargo and his son to his care.

Abraham had now reached the stature of six feet four inches. He was strong as well as tall; and he was “upright” morally. There was no stain on his character. To guard against one prolific cause of evil, he altogether abstained from intoxicating liquors.

In 1830, when he was twenty-one, the family removed to Illinois. The tedious journey, of 200 Miles with ox-teams, occupied fifteen days. They “squatted” on the Sangamon River, where the forest and prairie join. The cabin which Abraham's long arms helped to build is still standing. All their tools were two axes, a hand-saw, and a knife. Then Abraham helped to split rails to fence in a lot of ten acres, and after ploughing and planting the enclosed prairie, left it to his father, and went forth to seek his own fortune. He hired himself out as a labourer to the neighbouring farmers, ploughing, and splitting rails, and chopping wood. He wore trousers of flax and tow, tight at ancle, and “out at knees.” Poor, he was everywhere a welcome guest. Then he worked at building 172 a boat. A drove of hogs was to be taken on board, but neither force nor persuasion would avail with them, and they were wild and

savage. There was but one alternative: so Abraham, by help of his long arms and great strength, carried them on board one by one.

He now made a step upward, for he became clerk or assistant at a “store,” or general-dealer's shop. Here he acquired the title of “Honest Abe.” Among many other illustrations of his honesty, it is remembered how, one night after a woman had left the store he discovered he had charged her six cents (3 *d.*) too much; so he closed the store, and walked above three miles to deliver up the money to the customer. The following incident illustrates another characteristic:—While showing goods to some women, a noted bully came in, and talked very offensively, as if to provoke a quarrel. Lincoln leant over, and begged him not to talk so in the presence of ladies. The bully replied that he was glad of the opportunity he had long desired, to find any one who could hinder him saying whatever he liked. Lincoln told him if he would wait till the ladies had gone he would give him satisfaction. When they left, the man became 173 furious, and at length Lincoln, seeing him determined to fight, said, “Well, if you must be whipped, I suppose I may as well whip you as any other man.” Lincoln soon rolled him on the ground, and punished him as he deserved, till he roared for mercy. Lincoln immediately went for water, and did all he could for the man, who began to reform from that day, and became Lincoln's fast friend through life.

Lincoln now began to study English grammar, attended a debating club, and became much interested in politics. The Indians under “Black Hawk” giving some trouble, volunteers were called for, and Lincoln having enlisted, he was elected by the company their “Captain.” At the conclusion of the brief campaign, he contemplated learning the trade of blacksmith, but gave this up for the appointment of Postmaster of New Salem. The only office was his hat where all letters were deposited as Lincoln went his rounds, and the contents of which he examined when inquiries were made for letters or papers. After this he was asked to assist a surveyor, and easily acquiring the rudiments of the art, and furnished with compass and chain, he surveyed the town of Petersburgh. He became increasingly studious. He 174 was very fond of Shakespere, and could repeat the whole of

Bums. Holland, in his memoir, says, “He was a religious man. He believed himself under God's guidance. He believed in the ultimate triumph of the right, through his belief in God. His conscience took a broader grasp than the simple apprehension of right and wrong. He recognized an immediate relation between God and himself in all the actions and passions of his life. He was not professedly a Christian—that is, he subscribed to no creed, joined no organization. He spoke little of his religious belief and experiences; but that he had a deep religious life, sometimes imbued with superstition, there is no doubt. We guess at a mountain of marble by the out-cropping ledges that hide their whiteness among the ferns. He was a child-like man. He was exactly what he seemed. He was not awkward for a purpose, but because he could not help it. He was not honest because honesty was ‘the best policy,’ but because honesty was with him ‘the natural way of living.’ He never assumed to be more or other than he was. A lie in any form seemed impossible to him, and in the light of this fact all the words and acts of his life are to be judge.”

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About this time he was recommended to study law; so he walked over to Springfield, whence he carried home a load of books, which he had borrowed. There is an oak under which he used to read the whole day, shifting his position with the sun so as to keep in the shade. When the cupboard was cleared out, he went forth to earn some more money at surveying, to enable him to resume his studies. In 1834 lie was elected a member of the Legislature of Illinois. Shouldering his bundle, he went on foot a hundred miles to attend to his new duties as an M.P.! At the close of the session he walked back as before, to resume his surveying and his law studies. In 1836 he was admitted to the bar, and removed to Springfield to become a partner with his friend Major Stuart. He was now twenty-five years of age.

In America the functions of solicitor and barrister are united. Lincoln soon acquired reputation, both as an accurate lawyer and able pleader. He was very plain in his speech, attempting no rhetoric, and displaying little passion; but presenting his facts with lucid arrangement, and illustrating his points with homely wit, which told powerfully on juries. It

was his custom to present both sides of the case, and 176 he so did this that frequently his opponent had nothing to add. He more than ever showed how he deserved his *soubriquet* of “Honest Abe.” He would not undertake a case which did not seem to him to be just. He refused to take fees on the wrong side. It was a common thing with him to dissuade clients from going to law. If, in the course of proceedings, he discovered he had been deceived by false representations, he lost all interest in the case. Once, in the midst of an important trial, discovering he was on the wrong side, he refused to plead. The “learned brother” who was with him undertook it, and their client gained the action. But Lincoln, convinced that the verdict was wrong, would not receive any portion of the fee of 900 dollars which the client paid.

Once, when out on circuit, he was riding past a deep slough, where a pig was hopelessly struggling in the mud. Looking at the new clothes to which he had lately treated himself, he gave verdict against the pig; but, after riding two miles, he turned back, and dragged out the nearly suffocated animal with no little damage to his new suit. Thinking about the affair, he first attributed his action to pure benevolence; 177 but afterwards, as he told a friend to whom he related the incident, he concluded it was mere selfishness, for that he pulled the pig out of the mud in order to “take a pain out of his own mind.” Many would turn aside to succour a pig who would avoid a poor relation. Not so Mr. Lincoln. Becoming prosperous and renowned, he took pains on his circuit to find out and visit all his poor relations and friends of former days, often leaving a merry party of his associates, after a long day in the court-house, to make these calls. On one occasion, being urged not to leave the party, he said, “Aunt's heart would break if I left town without seeing her;” yet he had to walk several miles to make the call.

In 1842, in his thirty-third year, he married. In 1846 he was elected a member of Congress. Returning from Washington, he devoted himself anew to the duties of his profession, and to the enjoyments of domestic life. He had four sons, of whom the eldest, Robert, and the youngest, Thomas, survive. The latter was the pet of the White House, his father's great joy, known as “Tad,” from his father calling him “Tadpole” when an infant and as

yet without a name. He was very fond of his children. A young N 178 man of Springfield speaks of a picture fixed on his memory. His way to school was past the house of the lawyer, whom he often saw in the morning drawing a child about along the pavement in front of his house, without hat or coat, wearing a pair of rough shoes, and heedless of everything around him.

At this time he began to study mathematics, and mastered the first six books of Euclid. He was too generous to make much money by his profession. It was as common for him to give money to a poor client as to receive it. Other lawyers shrank from undertaking the defence of people charged with helping fugitive slaves. One such having applied elsewhere in vain, was told to go to Mr. Lincoln, for he was “not afraid of an unpopular case.”

During an electioneering campaign, Lincoln was once interrupted by the rude question, “Is it true you entered this State barefoot, driving a yoke of oxen?” Lincoln paused half a minute, and then said he could prove the fact by at least a dozen men in the crowd, all more respectable than his questioner. He then, stimulated by the inquiry, enlarged on the benefit of free institutions under which he had prospered, and the injury slavery did to the white man. “Yes,” said 179 he, “we will speak for freedom and against slavery, until everywhere in this wide land the sun shall shine, and the rain shall fall, and the wind shall blow upon no man who goes forth to unrequited toil.”

In 1858 he was nominated as republican candidate for Senator in the room of Mr. Douglas. On this occasion he made a remarkable speech, in which, with clear prophetic insight, he said, “A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other.” After an exciting campaign of canvassing and stumping, the Democrats carried the day.

But this defeat only stimulated his friends, who sought to nominate him as candidate for the Presidency in 1860. Now it was that the Southern party began to declare that if a Republican were chosen they would secede. In reference to this threat Mr. Lincoln, addressing some Kentuckians present at a meeting at Cincinnati, said, “I will tell you what we mean to do with you. We will remember you are as 180 good as we—that you have as good hearts as other people, and treat you accordingly. We mean to marry your girls when we have a chance—the white ones I mean—and I have the honour to inform you that I once did have a chance in that way. I want to know now, what *you* mean to do. I hear you mean to divide the Union.—(A voice: ‘That is *so* .’)—That is so I Well, what are you going to do with your half? Are you going to split the Ohio down through, and push your half off a piece? or build up a wall between, by which that moveable property of yours can't come over here any more? Will you make war upon us, and kill us all? Why, gentlemen, I think you are as gallant and as brave men as live; but, man for man, you are not better than we, and there are not so many of you. You will never make much of a hand at whipping us. If we were fewer than you, I think you could whip us; if we were equal, it would likely be a drawn battle; but, being inferior in numbers, you will make nothing by attempting to master us.”

On another occasion, he remarked: “You say if slavery is shut out from the territories you will dissolve the Union, and that the crime will be ours. That's cool! A highwayman holds a pistol to my ear, and 181 mutters, ‘Stand and deliver, or I shall kill you, and then you will be a murderer!’ My money was my own, and I had a clear right to keep it; but it was no more my own than my vote was my own.”

At this time he went to New York, and spoke at the Cooper Institute. Making explorations in the city, alone, he found his way into the Sunday School of the Five Points Mission. The superintendent, observing a stranger taking a deep interest in the proceedings, invited him to address the children. They were so much interested, that whenever he tried to stop he

was assailed by cries, “Go on! oh, do go on!” When he left, the superintendent was no little surprised, on asking the visitor his name, to be told it was “Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois.”

He met in the city an old acquaintance and neighbour, who, in answer to the question how he had fared, replied, “I have made one hundred thousand dollars, and lost them all. How is it with you?” “Very well,” said Lincoln; “I've the cottage at Springfield, and about 8,000 dollars. If they make me Vice-President, with Seward, I hope I shall be able to increase it to 20,000;” (about £5,000 gold) “and that is as much as any man ought to want.”

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The great Republican Convention met at Chicago on June 16, 1860, to nominate a candidate for the Presidential chair. The excitement was unprecedented. At the first ballot, W. H. Seward had 173 votes, and Lincoln 102. There were several other candidates, with smaller numbers. It was necessary, for a decision, that 233 votes should be given to one.

On the second balloting—the supporters of those who had no chance, giving their votes for one or other of the two at the top of the list—Seward had 184 votes, and Lincoln 181. The third ballot was decisive for Lincoln, and then, by acclamation, the vote was made unanimous. It was a sign, both of Lincoln's generosity and sagacity, that he made the experienced statesman who had been his rival, his Secretary of State.

While the balloting was going on, Lincoln was sitting with some of his friends at the newspaper office in Springfield, receiving telegrams from time to time.

At length a messenger entered, and, putting the decisive message into Lincoln's hand, shouted, “Gentlemen, three cheers for Abraham Lincoln, the next President of the United States.” Mr. Lincoln rose, and quietly remarking that there was a little woman in 183 Eighth Street who had some interest in the matter, put the telegram into his pocket, and walked home.

The friend who was our kind cicerone met him and asked what was the news. He quietly replied, “Well, they have given me the number.” That night our friend and others went to his house and gave him a serenade. He came out on the door-step, and said, “There are seasons which sometimes come to a man when it is his duty to be silent; that time has now come to me.”

The next day the President of the Convention, with a Committee, came from Chicago to apprise Mr. Lincoln, officially, of the nomination. Some of his Springfield friends, anticipating this visit, and knowing Mr. Lincoln's habits of abstinence, sent in presents of sundry liquors for him to set before his expected guests; but he was much troubled what to do, and asked advice from the Committee, at an informal meeting prior to the reception. They advised him to maintain his old customs: return the gift and offer no stimulants to his guests.

One of the committee, Judge Kelly, of Pennsylvania, a tall man, had closely scrutinized Mr. Lincoln, who, interpreting his thought, anticipated him by asking 184 what his height (the judge's) was. “Six feet three; what is yours?” “Six feet four,” said Lincoln. “Then, sir, Pennsylvania bows to Illinois. My dear man, for years my heart has been aching for a President that I could look up to; and I've found him at last.”

His nomination in no way elated him, or altered his bearing. He assumed no airs. Simple-minded and simple-mannered as ever, he often went to the door in answer to his own bell, and felt whatever interfered with his old homely habits of hospitality, a burden. He was particularly attentive to the poor who came to him, and seemed anxious to show that the change in his condition had in no degree changed his feelings towards the friends of his humbler days. I was told that in one thing only he made an alteration. He used to play ball with the boys of the town school after his office hours but he discontinued this as scarcely suitable to the high office for which he had been nominated, and which he was so soon

to fill. The later events of his life I do not here mention, as they are unconnected with his Springfield home.

In the evening I addressed a large assembly in the Presbyterian church where Lincoln used to worship. I indulged in the pleasure of sitting for a moment in 185 the place he used to occupy. But I was told that of late years he had ceased to attend church, though his family went, for he had learnt that the clergyman was implicated in slavery, and he could not afterwards go to hear him preach. The Governor honoured my lecture by his presence; and at the conclusion thanked me for removing some misapprehensions as to the attitude of the British nation towards America during the war. He remarked that there was much need of such explanations.

After a night of wretchedness, caused by the intense heat and mosquitoes, we started early for St. Louis.

The Mississippi disappointed me. The banks, where we approached it, were low and muddy. There was little water in the broad channel, and the steamers could not run. We crossed over to St. Louis in a huge ferry-boat, which conveyed a dozen omnibuses and other carriages, with many horses and a large company of passengers, besides loads of luggage. I delivered an address against slavery within sight of the auction-block, where, four years before, slaves were bought and sold. From St. Louis we returned eastward by the Erie Railway to Buffalo, and thence by Niagara, to Toronto, Montreal and Quebec; then, 186 by the White Mountains to Boston where we spent ten days visiting Cambridge, Plymouth, &c. Thence, by New Haven to New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Richmond, returning by way of Boston. Of this portion of my tour the exigencies of publication forbid me now to speak. The remaining pages will be occupied by observations on the Churches of America and on our International relations.

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CHAPTER VIII. CHURCHES OF AMERICA.

No Dissenters—No State-Church—National Recognition of Religion—Church Buildings —Power of Voluntaryism—Hepworth Dixon's America—Baptist Church—Methodist— Presbyterian—Congregational and Independent—Lutheran—Episcopal—High and Low Church—Mr. Tyng—Evangelical Alliance—Clerical Salaries—Renting of Pews—Order of Service—Preaching.

IN religious matters there exists between Great Britain and America a great contrast, which at once strikes a visitor from the old country, and which again strikes him with equal emphasis on his return. In America there are no Dissenters.

Whether for good or for evil, the fact is that in England, society is banded into two grand classes, Church and Dissent. The distinction is more or less modified in great cities, but as a rule, it exists universally; and in the provinces, is most broadly and clearly defined. Many a family of fortune and refinement are virtually excluded from the society of their equals if they are known to go to “Ebenezer Chapel,” or 188 have a pew at “Bethel.” There are some exceptions; but as a rule, a gentleman who takes a property in the country, and who, following his religious convictions, worships at the “dissenting chapel,” must not expect to be treated by the neighbouring gentry as he would be if he went to the parish-church. His wife and daughters, in order to be “in society,” must let him go to his conventicle alone. If he attends no place of worship whatever he takes his proper position among his neighbours; if he gives no sign of any personal interest in religion he will have no cause to complain of being neglected; but in proportion as he is regular in his attendance at the dissenters' meeting-house, and especially if he is zealous in promoting its religious and charitable organizations, he is regarded with suspicion and quietly ignored.

The established clergy, *as a rule* , rendering the exceptions very marked, decline personal intercourse on equal terms with the clergy of other churches, or, as they often call them,“dissenting preachers.” Seldom will the vicar or rector pay a call of welcome to the newly arrived Methodist or Independent; or invite him to a social meal at his own house. Beyond the cold courtesy of a passing bow in the street, ministers 189 of the established

and of other churches may live and labour in the same neighbourhood for years and have no personal intercourse. There is still less of ecclesiastical fraternity. Dissenters never occupy the pulpits of the established church; and the ministers of the latter very rarely risk the possible penalties of appearing in the pulpit of a Nonconformist. Some of the most liberal-minded meet their dissenting brethren once a year on the common platform of the Bible Society, but there are many who decline to do even this.

On the other hand, dissenters, being treated as if they were socially inferior, merely because of their religious convictions, are apt to resent conduct which seems to them insulting and unjust. They sometimes imagine a wrong where none was intended. Rebuffed, perhaps, in their own advances, they neglect henceforth to show those signs of good-will which courtesy as well as Christianity requires. They are apt to judge of all by the conduct of some, and to overlook the honourable exceptions which are every day multiplying. Rather than appear to fawn, they may seem rude, and sometimes check advances honestly and heartily made. Controversy becomes exacerbated by 190 the lack of personal intercourse. Sincere efforts for the spiritual and temporal welfare of mankind are put forth on both sides in utter ignorance by each of what the other is doing, and much power is wasted in antagonism which might be not only saved, but augmented, by combination for a common purpose. This may be considered a good and wholesome state of things for England; but so far as it results from political arrangements, Americans have repudiated it, and are, one and all, determined that it shall not find a place amongst them.

They resolve to have no dissent, by resolving to have no establishment. And in this all are agreed. Episcopalians as much as Independents, Methodists as much as Baptists, Presbyterians as much as Quakers, Papists as much as Protestants, all say they will have no church recognized, endowed, and controlled by the civil government. They say that the State shall protect every one in his religious as well as civil freedom; that it shall have supremacy in all causes involving the rights of person and property, whether arising out of matters sacred or secular; but that every church shall be left to form its own creed, conduct its own worship, and carry on its own spiritual 191 government; and that every

individual shall be protected in the full exercise of his liberty so long as he does not invade the equal rights of his neighbour. But they have resolved, and they are unanimous and firm in maintaining, that the State, as such, shall not be allied to any particular church as such, so as to sanction its tenets, provide for its expenses, or interfere with its self-action.

Thus they avoid many anomalies; for if each State were to establish a different form of religion, all churches would be dissenting churches except in the one State in which each was connected with the government. In Europe dissent is diversified. Episcopalians who would scorn to become dissenters in England are necessarily dissenters when they cross the Tweed; while the Queen's chaplains in the North are dissenters when they visit her at Windsor, and are unable to officiate for her spiritual welfare. Papists are dissenters in England, Protestants in Italy; and Christians, whether Papist or Protestant, are dissenters in Turkey. To this some would say that the departure from the true church constitutes dissent, not non-agreement with the establishment. If so, the establishment in Scotland is dissent; rather a confusion 192 of terms. If so, then, as each church may claim for itself the character of being the true church, every church may designate as dissenters all who differ from it. Then, in the eye of a Presbyterian, Episcopalians and Quakers are alike dissenters for departing from what Presbyterians think the true model; just as much as Presbyterians and others are dissenters in the eye of the Episcopalian. The term, therefore, must be applied only to those who dissent from the state-religion. And as a state-religion is what Americans will not endure, they effectually rid themselves of dissent. Dissent may be a good thing or a bad; but good or bad, Americans of all religious creeds, and of none, are agreed that, however much it may be nourished and perpetuated in Europe by state-churches, they will not allow its existence amongst themselves.

The effect of this on the social and religious life of America is everywhere manifest. The national universities being open to citizens as such, the young men who are training for the pulpit necessarily associate together. There are not national universities which possess exclusive advantages from which men are debarred because they cannot subscribe certain 193 formulas of faith. Instead of being trained in sectarian and separate institutions

in which they meet only with others of the same church, and thus become trained up in isolation of sympathy and action, the young clergy are class-mates and companions in college, and then, when they meet in after-life, though of different communions, they meet on common terms as gentlemen and scholars.

No placard on the walls ever announces that, at a certain meeting, addresses will be given by several clergymen *and* ministers. All who sustain the office of minister of the gospel are alike recognized and designated “clergyman.” None assume any superiority by reason of their ecclesiastical connection; none imagine they either give or receive a favour by uniting for a good object.

On common platforms for the promotion of philanthropy or religion, there is a tone of manly and fraternal equality. No Methodist thinks of assuming to take the chair as a matter of right, because he is the superintendent of the circuit; no Presbyterian because he is moderator of the synod; no Episcopalian because he is rector or vicar of the parish: all are officially equal; but they give “honour to whom honour is O 194 due”; recognizing age, learning, and usefulness; and cheerfully yielding precedence to acknowledged and real superiority. But such a thing as a youth fresh from college, because of his own idea of the claims of his church, presuming to take precedence of older, and wiser, and better men of other communions, is what Americans cannot imagine.

As with the clergy so with the laity. No one is excluded from society with his equals because of dissent. Sympathy on great questions, similarity of motive, resemblance of character, these determine social intercourse more than agreement in the secondary matters of church ceremonial. There is not so much sectarianism in benevolence as in the old country. It is not thought necessary, for example, to have both a Methodist and an Episcopal Young Men's Association. It is enough that in every town there is one such association, and all agree to support it.

It often happens in the old country that a good enterprise is limited by the organization from which it was supposed to spring. There are church charities and dissenting charities; and seldom can one of these obtain support from the adherents of another system. But in America, a benevolent object is supported by 195 the community at large, with far less of that sectarian jealousy which is so often met with amongst ourselves.

In general conversation there is less to remind you of religious differences. There is not the constant cropping up of the terms “church” and “chapel” as opposed to each other. All Christians in America are “church-goers.” Every building devoted to Christian worship is a “church”; the term “chapel” being given to a building subordinate to the main structure. If you see the Methodist church and chapel side by side, the latter is the lecture-room or the mission-hall of the former.

The buildings also are in the same general style. Until very recently in the old country, the “church” and the “chapel” were obvious enough in their different structure. In America there is no such distinction. Almost every church edifice has its spire. This forms one of the most beautiful features of American scenery. In many of our cities more than half the places of worship are hidden, and a very inadequate idea would be formed by the passing stranger of the religious zeal of the inhabitants. But in America it is sometimes surprising to see the multitude of 196 spires ascending from a comparatively small town; while the wide-spreading landscape on every side has signs to tell that wherever men have planted their homes, there also have they raised a house of prayer.

The following remarks of Dr. Henry Smith, chairman of the American Executive Committee at the Evangelical Alliance held at Amsterdam in 1867, are so appropriate that no apology is needed for quoting them: “The special characteristic of our American Christianity is found in the separation of church and state—which separation rests, on the one hand, upon the principle of religious liberty, and, on the other, upon a confidence in the self-sustaining power of Christianity itself. We believe that no external power, be it ecclesiastical or secular, has a right to invade the sacred province of religious freedom.

We also believe that Christianity does not need the support of the state. As faith in human rights is at the basis of our republican institutions, so, and with still stronger emphasis, is faith in Christianity at the basis of our religious growth and order: we are willing to trust its inherent truth and power against all the assaults of its foes, being well-assured that the state cannot repel these if the church cannot. Such religious liberty is necessary 197 to true civil freedom; the latter has ever followed the former, and when religious and civil liberty are fully and equally recognized, there will also ensue a separation of church and state." This is, of course, given here only as an American opinion; but that it is a thoroughly national and not a sectarian sentiment no one will dispute.

It is sometimes thought that if the state does not establish a *church* it cannot recognize *religion* . This result does not follow in America. If there be any theoretic inconsistency, it involves no practical inconvenience. The courts of law are opened by prayer, as was made evident to the writer by his being requested by the judges, when visiting Plymouth, the capital of Massachusetts, to ask the blessing of the Almighty on their proceedings when sitting *in banco* . There is a chaplain to both Houses of Congress. When I was in Washington, the chaplain to the House of Representatives was a Congregationalist; the chaplain to the Senate a Baptist; but I heard of no inconvenience having occurred from such diversity. The chaplain conducts divine service every Sunday morning in the House of Representatives. The writer was honoured 198 by being invited to act as chaplain on the first day of Congress, and by request of Mr. Speaker Colfax (now Vice-President) he preached on the Sunday following in the House of Representatives, when the members of both Houses were present, with General Grant, and other official persons. This he regarded as a graceful compliment, not to himself personally, but to the nation of which he was a very humble representative. It illustrated not only that the American state can and does recognize religion and pay homage to the Almighty; but also that, being bound to no particular sect, it can do what cannot be done in our own country—invite the clergy of other nations and other communions to aid in conducting their devotions. Chaplains are also provided by the state for the army and navy, and for

prisons: the ecclesiastical position of the chaplain varying with the religious tenets of the majority of those to whom he has to minister. During the late war President Lincoln issued an army-order for the observance of the Sabbath, and he frequently appointed days of fasting, prayer, and thanksgiving, which were solemnly observed by the various churches throughout the Union. There was no authority recognized as compulsory in 199 religion; but the recommendations of the chief of the state were cheerfully acquiesced in. “Thanksgiving Day” is a season of special religious observance throughout America, when national mercies are dilated on in fifty thousand pulpits, and praise rendered to the God whom the nation honour.

It is feared by many that without state provision there will be a deficiency of churches and clergy, and the very existence of religion be put in jeopardy. This has not yet taken place in America, so far as the observation of so hurried a visit would allow. The writer is bound to say, that religion appears to be no less cared for than in the old country with all its ancient endowments; that the people seem even more pervaded by an earnest religious sentiment; that Sunday is better observed, preaching more honoured and frequented, and the churches better filled.

In one town of 16,000 inhabitants I found 18 churches, with accommodation for 9,400 persons: more than the proportion able to attend at one time. Of the 18 churches, 3 were Wesleyan, 3 Episcopal, 3 Presbyterian, and 2 Congregational. In another town of 23,000 inhabitants there were 18 churches, with accommodation for 14,450 people; this also being 200 above the requirements of the population. Of these 18 churches 5 were Congregational, 4 Methodist, 2 Baptist, Episcopalian, 1 Catholic, and 2 “coloured churches.” Out of 4,450 families, 3,540 attended church; and out of 5,230 children of sufficient age, 4,600 went to the Sunday school.

According to the United States census for 1860, there were 54,000 church edifices, erected entirely on the voluntary principle, at a cost of 171 millions of dollars. The number and value of the churches had increased at the rate of 100 per cent. during the

preceding ten years. There was an average of one church to 554 persons, and a total accommodation for 12,875,119 persons: about one sitting to every two and a half of the population. Church membership had outrun the increase of population. In 1800 there were 350,000 communicants out of 5,305,935, or 1 to 15; in 1832 there were 1,348,948 out of 13,614,420, or 1 to 10; and in 1860 there were 5,035,250 church members out of a population of 31,429,801, or to 6. “As a simple matter of fact the largest development and increase of Christianity in the nineteenth century has been found in the United States. The Methodists have increased in 201 communicants from 15,000 to 2,000,000; Baptists from 35,000 to 1,700,000; Presbyterians from 40,000 to 700,000; Congregationalists from 75,000 to 275,000; and each of these churches reaches a population about four times as large as the number of its church members.” These figures are taken from a “Report on the State of Religion in the United States, made to the general conference of the Evangelical Alliance at Amsterdam, in 1867, by Henry Smith, D.D., chairman of the Executive Committee of the American branch,” and published by Rogers and Co., Fulton Street, New York.

Besides what is thus done by voluntary zeal for churches and the expenses of worship, vast sums are raised for missionary and benevolent purposes, both for home and foreign lands.

It may be thought that this abundant supply of the means of worship is confined to cities and towns, and that small villages and new and scattered settlements must be unprovided for. I was assured that this is by no means the case, but that the different denominations vie with each other to occupy any new settlement. The Home Mission of the Church first on the spot will guarantee the expenses of a station for a year 202 or two, after which the congregation are able to provide for themselves. A school is first opened, which is used as a church on Sunday, people of different ecclesiastical preferences uniting together. When the congregation becomes large, the members of some one denomination differing

from the one in possession then branch off and set up a church of their own; and thus diversities of sect aid in the multiplication of pastors and places of worship.

It might be thought that a state church leads to consolidation, and that in its absence sects will multiply endlessly, and the true spirit of religion evaporate in mutual controversy and strife. Dr. H. Smith says, “Of this fear we were not ourselves conscious; and the progress of events has shown that the ecclesiastical tendencies have looked in the direction of reunion rather than of increased subdivisions.”

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his “New America,” so specially devotes his pen to describing some abnormal features of diseased religious (or irreligious) activity, that some careless readers have imagined that American society is characterized by Mormonism, Free-love-ism, Spiritualism, and Shakerism. But Mr. 203 H. Dixon distinctly explains that these are but as the bubbles thrown up on the surface of the earnest religious life seething below. For myself, I can testify that during three months' residence in the States I never once heard these subjects even alluded to, except that on one occasion Spiritualism was talked of in a railway car, and that I met with two Shakers on a steamboat on Lake Ontario. During a large part of my journey I was unknown to my fellow-passengers, who could not, therefore, have purposely abstained from such topics; and I made it a rule to enter into conversation with every one I met, on any topic which might turn up. And the silence of the clergy showed, by the small place these subjects occupied in the minds of religious leaders, how insignificant was the influence of them among the people at large.

Whatever may be the minor varieties of religious development, and not reckoning the Roman Catholics, who number about four millions, at least three-fourths of the population are under the direct influence of the principal Protestant communions comprising Methodists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Baptists, and Presbyterians. These, though 204 differing in organization, are substantially one in the doctrines they teach, the precepts they inculcate, and the ends they seek.

The Baptists are first in numbers, having 17,220 churches, and 1,680,000 members.

The Methodist Episcopal Church stands next. Some would give it the very first place, both in numbers, and perhaps in zeal. The Southern Church separated in 1844, with 1,300 ministers, and has now about 700,000 communicants. The Northern Church has 13,172 preachers, and upwards of a million members, with 10,462 church buildings. The writer was invited to preach in one of their churches, in New York—“St Paul's,” constructed of white marble, with a lofty spire, at a cost of 250,000 dollars (gold), or about £50,000. It was the season of the annual conference, when bishops and delegates were convened in large numbers. Seven of their nine bishops sat in the capacious pulpit.

The four various bodies of Presbyterians have about 6,000 churches and ministers, with about 600,000 members. The chief organizations are known as the “Old School,” and the “New School.” When I reached Philadelphia, a grand convention of both 205 parties had just been held with a view to amalgamation. The points of distinction between them are too subtle to interest the general reader, and even to be appreciated by some of themselves. I was told of a young man who had confessed to his aunt that he really could see no difference between them, for their worship was similar, and their preaching seemed to be so also. She replied—“Oh! my dear nephew, there is a great difference, and I'm very sorry you don't see it. One says we sinned *in* Adam and the other says we sinned *by* Adam; but” (then after a pause she added) “but which sticks to which I don't know.” How much smaller are the real than the apparent differences of Christians! The hearts of many good people seemed lifted up to the third heaven at the indication of an approaching fusion of the two churches. It was as if the Millennium was approaching. Interchanges of sympathy and mutual charity are always pleasing and profitable, but I was unable myself to understand what advantage would result from the amalgamation of church organizations sufficient to justify such extreme delight if, while working separately, their members cherish mutual respect and charity, and co-operate in good works.

The most flourishing Presbyterian congregation in America is that of my honoured and beloved friend Dr. Theodore Cuyler, of Lafayette Avenue, New York. He has about 1,300 communicants, and a congregation which overflows the capacity of the large church in which he ministers. All varieties of Christian agency are carried on under his superintendence, among which the promotion of temperance societies holds a prominent place.

The Congregationalists have 2,700 churches, and 2,919 ministers, with 272,000 members. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is the most distinguished of their clergy. His sermons in “Plymouth Church,” Brooklyn, to the vast crowds which throng to listen to him, are carried by the press all over the Union. He is a power in the State, and his pulpit utterances have often done much to influence public events. It is said that his income, all derived from the voluntary principle, cannot be far short £5,000 a year. If he has an income equal to that of an English bishop, he earns it all; it is all freely given, and his generous heart makes for his purse a door of exit as wide as that which his genius makes of entrance. Dr. Thompson, the accomplished minister of the Tabernacle 207 Church, New York; Dr. Storrs and Dr. Burlington, of Brooklyn, with others, enjoy a wide and well-deserved reputation, and exercise great influence.

American Congregationalism is much modified by Presbyterianism. The essential feature is that each congregation directs its own affairs, but while external authority is thus repudiated, advice is sought systematically from surrounding churches. A “Congregational Council” is composed of one delegate with the pastor of each of the churches in an allotted district. When the settlement of a young minister takes place, he appears before the council, who examine him, and if the decision is favourable, he is then ordained by the pastors. If the decision is unfavourable, he retires; or if the church which has called him resolves to retain him, it either convenes another council, inviting delegates from a larger area, or withdraws from the association. Questions in dispute between a pastor and his people, and other difficulties which may sometimes occur, and which

a congregation find a difficulty in settling, are referred to such a council, the decisions of which, though not absolutely binding, are treated with great deference. Though the decision of a council in a minister's favour may not secure the 208 retention of his office, it is always a recommendation and facilitates his settlement elsewhere.

In New England the term *Congregational* is applied to churches thus associated in councils; the term *Independent* belonging to those which are absolutely unconnected with any other congregation. The term “parish” is applied to the worshippers generally, the term “church” to the communicants. The election of pastor is with the “church,” but requires confirmation by the “parish.” A person becomes a parishioner by giving his name to the clerk and taking a pew.

The “parish” is a corporate body, and is the legal possessor of the church property, there being no personal trustees. In many parishes there are no title-deeds defining the doctrine to be held or the forms of worship. It might be thought that there was no security for the truth by such an arrangement, and no certainty that a building erected for one purpose might not be used for another, totally different or hostile. Might not people holding views at variance with those of the original “parish” get themselves enrolled in order to oust the present occupants? Might not an orthodox church be thus captured for heresy or infidelity? I was told this was never done 209 —that public opinion would so denounce it that it could not be attempted. But might not the present parishioners change their views, and then employ the building accordingly? The reply of an intelligent clergyman to whom I put this question was emphatic. “You can never avoid risk altogether with property in connection with a system of teaching; but if you have freedom, you can trust in the power of truth and in the fidelity of its friends. Truth will bear trusting. Some people fear that truth will suffer unless well guarded by legal restrictions; but the law may be. altered, or differently interpreted, or evaded. You had better trust the living men of each age to maintain and transmit the truth, with liberty to act on new light, if it comes to them, as their forefathers did. Some Congregational and some Episcopal churches in former times became Unitarian; but it was under an old law, which allowed persons to retain their

membership in a parish, and to vote when they had ceased to be actually worshippers. The question, moreover, has two aspects. If some orthodox churches have become Unitarian, some Unitarian churches have become orthodox; and the latter process is now going on. Our experience is that it is better to trust P 210 church property and its appropriation to the living congregation.

In New England, Congregationalism was originally the established church. The whole country was divided into parishes, with “con-associations,” i.e., councils of the churches in a district, for subjects of reference; and a church-tax was levied on the whole population. But when Episcopalians and others appeared, they were the Radicals of the day, and protested against paying church-rates for the worship of others. They were then allowed to “sign off,” and be taxed only for the support of their own church. At length the system of establishment was entirely given up, the Radical Episcopalians vanquishing the Conservative Church and State Congregationalists.

The Lutheran church has 2,915 congregations and 323,825 communicants.

Sixth in order of numbers is the Protestant Episcopal church, which numbers 34 dioceses, 44 bishops, 2,416 priests and deacons, 2,305 churches or parishes, and 161,234 communicants. But though low in the scale as regards numbers, the Episcopal church possesses an influence beyond what can be thus measured, owing to the wealth, intelligence, and social position 211 of a large proportion of its members. I was told that in some of the great cities, especially New York, the Episcopal church was making great progress, and that this arose not only from preference for its doctrines and government, but partly from a desire to escape the political preaching from which Episcopalians were more free than others; partly from æsthetic considerations; partly to secure greater personal liberty in regard to amusements, &c.; and partly from Episcopacy being considered the most fashionable of the different systems.

Its government partakes of the Congregational element almost as much as of the Episcopal. The constitution of the United States is a general model for all the institutions of the country, and for the Episcopal church in particular. The heads of families, or seat-holders in a congregation, constitute the “parish.” A certain number can at any time convene a “parish meeting.” On Easter Monday they elect from eight to fourteen persons as elders, or church-wardens, who constitute the parish vestry, and do the work of the “deacons” of an Independent church. Of these there are two “wardens” specially to act as between the minister and the people. The vestry 212 determine on repairs, levy rates, vote supplies, and make all other church arrangements. They, as representing the people, nominate the clergyman. At a general meeting of the “parish” three or four lay representatives are elected, who with the minister are delegates to the annual diocesan convention. All clergymen attend the convention and vote, whether they have a parish or not. This assembly, in which the lay element greatly predominates, is presided over by the bishop, and determines all matters relating to that particular diocese; just as the state legislatures regulate all questions concerning the separate states of the Union, as distinguished from those which relate to the united government. This diocesan council elects the bishop when a vacancy occurs. It also sends four clerical and four lay deputies to represent the diocese in the lower house of the triennial General Assembly of the church. The bishops sit apart with closed doors and constitute the upper house. They can veto any measure passed by the lower house. Questions affecting the whole church are here discussed, and no change can be made unless the measure receives the sanction of both houses.

On the demand of any member the votes of the 213 lower house can be taken by “orders and dioceses”; *i.e.* the four clergy of each diocese together give one vote, and the four laymen one vote: three determine the vote; when there are two for and two against a proposal, the diocese is reported as “vote divided.”

The bishops hold consecrations, ordinations, and confirmations. They superintend the diocese by advising rather than by any exercise of absolute authority; and they have no power to interfere in the administration of the parishes.

It cannot therefore be said that the “clergy” constitute the “church” of the Episcopalians. The equal membership of the laity is fully recognized. Pastors are appointed by electors chosen by each congregation; and every question is discussed and determined in open assembly, where the clergy have only a preponderating influence by superiority of wisdom and moral influence.

As in the Episcopal church of England, so in America, there are two prominent schools, the Ritualistic and the Evangelical. If the former is not less advanced than with us, the latter shows a much more determined front. When I was in New York, the question was pending of Mr. Tyng's supposed breach 214 of discipline in preaching for a Methodist congregation. The law of the church forbids a clergyman to preach in another's parish without his consent. Mr. Tyng, on a visit into the country, had preached, by request of one of his own congregation, in a Methodist church. Thereupon the rector of the neighbouring Episcopal church lodged a complaint against him before the bishops. He pleaded that there is no geographical parish in America; that the “parish” means the congregation; that he would have violated the law had he intruded himself upon the congregation of the neighbouring rector, or had attempted to set up another *Episcopal* church in his vicinity without his sanction; but that it was no violation of the spirit of the law to occupy the place of the pastor of another congregation of a different order, for this was no interference whatever with the rector of the Episcopal church. Mr. Tyng was resolved to vindicate his right as a minister of Christ to preach wherever he had the opportunity, and to recognize the common fellowship of other Christians, so long as he violated no right of any of his brethren nor did them any harm.

The case was causing immense interest in America. The decision of the bishops was against Mr. Tyng, 215 who had to receive a public censure in a large church of New

York, in the presence of a congregation heartily sympathising with the culprit. After the delivery of the censure, Dr. Tyng, the father of the offender, one of the most distinguished of all the clergy of America, and the minister of one of the largest and most influential congregations, rose and delivered a protest against it.

But while this particular act of Mr. Tyng was condemned, it is admitted by the Episcopal church of America that its clergy may freely invite the clergy of other churches to their own pulpits; and also that they may preach wherever they please, so long as no objection is raised by the Episcopal clergyman of the same locality.

The writer had the pleasure of proving personally the existence of this freedom. He had no sooner arrived in New York, than he received a hearty invitation to preach for Mr. Tyng in Emmanuel Church, of which he is the incumbent. Three services for each Sunday had already been arranged for in the churches of different denominations. But the writer was so desirous of enjoying the pleasure of ministering for his Episcopalian brethren, as he had done 216 during many years for various other communions, that, on several Sunday evenings he took a fourth service, and thus had the pleasure of preaching in several Episcopal churches. Unable to understand the feelings of isolation and exclusiveness which some entertain; delighting to recognize the same grand features of character which are found in all true Christians, whatever their ecclesiastical diversities; cherishing the same sentiments of honour and affection for Episcopalians as for Wesleyans or Presbyterians, though the expression of them is so much discouraged in England, I confess I did experience a special happiness in preaching the gospel and officiating ministerially for the first time with a section of my fellow Christians with whom I had so often delighted to worship in a private capacity. English Dissenters may preach for American Episcopalians; American Episcopalians may now preach in English parish-churches; may we not hope that before many years, English Episcopalians and Dissenters may have the same privilege, and not be obliged to cross the water in order to have full ministerial fellowship with each other?

My friend, Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, told me of a 217 very interesting demonstration of Evangelical alliance which had lately taken place in his church. The Episcopal bishop of the diocese was making a visitation in the neighbourhood, and had preached on Sunday morning in the neighbouring Episcopal church. At the conclusion of the service (having previously arranged with Dr. C.), the incumbent announced that there would be no evening service, but that a united meeting would be held in the Presbyterian church close by. There was an immense concourse in the evening. The rector of the Episcopal church and Dr. Cuyler conducted the devotions; and then the bishop, from the Presbyterian's pulpit, delivered an address on Christian Union. Why should we despair of such things in England? Would such intercourse—would such a manifestation of brotherhood weaken the religious sentiment amongst the people, lessen the evidence of the truth of Christianity, promote popery on the one hand, or infidelity on the other; or would it weaken the influence of the Episcopal church itself, and render it less respected and less loved by the people at large? If disestablishment should bring about such a result, those who deprecate it as an evil may feel that it would be an evil mitigated by some good.

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I had the pleasure of meeting Bishop M'Ilvaine, of Ohio. A spare old man, very refined and benevolent in his appearance and manner, and reminding me very much of the pictures of Washington. He had just returned from the Pan-Anglican Synod. He is a man of the widest and most generous sympathies, and is universally honoured in America by all churches for his personal goodness, charity, and zeal.

I was invited to a clerical meeting of Episcopalians, in New York. About thirty clergyman of the Evangelical school were present. The controversy between “High” and “Low” is very strong, and the question is, which will secede? for it is impossible and undesirable that two parties, so opposed in doctrine and sentiment, should permanently be combined in the same organization, and both of them be thus fettered and compromised. The Evangelical party were determined to secure these three objects: liberty to preach everywhere, the

recognition of the clergy of other churches, and some amendment of the liturgy. They gave me a supposed case, to illustrate, by the *reductio ad absurdum* , the impossibility of the interpretation attempted to be given to the existing law respecting parishes: “If a man lived and worshipped 219 in district and parish A., and then went to reside in district B., but continued to worship as before at A., it would follow that his own clergyman of A. could not visit him without B.'s consent: which would be ridiculous.” They seemed astonished, and almost incredulous, when I said that this was the established law and custom of Episcopalians in the old country.

The visitor having been introduced by the president, and called on for an address, said that perhaps the avoidance of forms in America had gone far enough; that Episcopal and liturgical order might be an element in American society specially needed, and very valuable, if two great errors could be avoided—the assumption of any official superiority over the clergy of other churches, and the limitation of Christian liberty. American Episcopacy had a great career before it, if it would recognize the orders of other churches, reciprocate ministerial services, maintain the right to preach the Gospel everywhere, and make common cause with all Evangelical Protestants. These sentiments were evidently shared by the clergy assembled.

The Rev. Dr. Tyng showed me over his large and handsome church. It was burnt down two years before 220 and was rebuilt at a cost of 200,000 dollars, upwards of £30,000; of which three-fourths were subscribed the first night. It was opened free of debt. They raise 17,000 dollars annually for their own expenses, and 40,000 dollars for missions, schools, and places of free worship for the poor. The voluntary principle evidently worked as well with Episcopalians as with others. I observed here, as in other churches of Evangelical Episcopalians, that the communion-table was brought out from the wall and placed well forward, so as not to have the appearance of an “altar.” Seventy communicants can kneel round it at once. The pulpit is low, and is placed before the table; on the front of it is a plain black cross “to show what should be its subject; not the bread turned into Christ's body on the table, but Christ Himself preached from the pulpit.” The roof is elaborately

decorated, and texts of Scripture adorn the walls. Some one said to Dr. Tyng, “Could not the money spent in ornamenting this church have built many mission chapels?” Dr. T. replied, “Without this church we could not have built those chapels, and with this church we *have* built them.” Dr. Tyng has great influence in New York; he is an effective 221 orator and an accomplished preacher of the simple gospel.

Liturgical worship has a great and increasing charm for some in America, who complain of the excessive disregard of form in their institutions. The Episcopal churches, with their clergy in official robes, with a prescribed order of service, and with the vocal responses of the people, present a great contrast to others in their general style of conducting worship. Some of the non-episcopal clergy are desirous of introducing the liturgical element. Eminent amongst these is Dr. Storrs of Brooklyn. He had introduced the reading of the Psalms by the pastor and people in alternate verses. He told me he regarded the Episcopal worship more congregational and popular; the Congregational worship more ministerial and exclusive. At a meeting of his “parish” one member objected to the reading of the Psalms because it resembled Episcopalian worship. A Scotchman replied that on that very account he liked it; for that the strength of Episcopacy was its mode of worship; the strength of Congregationalism its mode of government; so that imitating the worship of Episcopacy, Congregationalists would combine the strength of both systems.

Amongst other pulpits, I was invited to occupy 222 that of the Dutch Reformed Church, in the Fifth Avenue. This religious body was organized by a colony from Holland, who brought here the religion of the Reformation, and whose services were at first conducted in the Dutch language. The government is Presbyterian. In the United States there are several hundred congregations connected with this body. In New York city there are four collegiate churches, the revenues of which form one fund for common expenses, administered by officers called “church-masters.” Each pastor has his own flock for visitation, but the four preach in the four churches, by rotation. All the pastors and elders form a united session for receiving members, who are then “located” to the church of their own district. Dr. Duryea, a young man of great attainments and eloquence, was the most

popular clergyman of this body, but I learn that he has since left it, and has a church of his own in Brooklyn.

I had the opportunity of preaching in several “coloured churches,” and was much impressed with the devout demeanour of the negro people during worship, and their earnest and sympathetic attention to the sermon.

The scale of payment for the maintenance of the 223 clergy and for expenses is much higher than that in the old country. In the “Tabernacle” Congregational church in New York, which has 1,750 sittings, the lowest price is twelve dollars (about thirty-six shillings), for a single sitting; while some of the pews, with six seats, let for 250 dollars. The minister received a salary of 8,000 dollars. He had recently been sent on a holiday to Europe. During his absence of fourteen months his pulpit was supplied for him, his salary was continued, and a present was also made to him of 2,500 dollars for his expenses. It is not at all uncommon for congregations to send their ministers on a holiday to Europe and the Holy Land, and to pay the cost of their journey. In the country, ministers' salaries range from £150 to 250; in towns, from £300 to £500; in large cities, from £500 to £1,000, in some cases reaching £2,000, and more. And this is considered to be very moderate remuneration for the services of men who, in any other department of labour, could easily secure twice that amount.

The process of renting pews was thus described;—An estimated annual value is set on them, varying with their position. Pews are called slips. Persons wishing single sittings must arrange with the lessee of 224 an entire pew. Once a year the pews are appropriated. The “letting by auction” is felt by us to be very objectionable, and it is also condemned by many in America. But it was thus explained to me. When there are more applicants than pews, it is fair that no favouritism should be allowed, but all have an equal chance. So the number of each pew is called out and the price. If several ask for it, the applicant who offers the highest premium obtains it. All the pews are re-let each year, so that a pew is only retained by the holder being willing to pay more for it than any one

else. The money goes into a common fund, out of which the minister is paid, incidental expenditure defrayed, and assistance rendered to schools, missions, and other charities. £500 is often spent on the music. An organ in a church in Boston had lately been erected at a cost of 18,000 dollars, about £2,500.

When additional money is needed for any purpose, the churchwardens assess the pew-holders with the amount, making as fair a distribution as they can, considering the presumed ability of the parishioners. I was told that the rates thus levied were paid without hesitation.

In all churches, except the Protestant Episcopal, the order of service is very similar. First there is a performance 225 of sacred music by the organ and four cultured voices; then a lesson from the Bible, followed by a prayer, and then a hymn, generally sung by the choir alone; then the sermon and a prayer; after which is a hymn by the congregation, and then the benediction. This quartette singing is almost universal. The best *artistes* are engaged, and no expense is spared. A hymn sung by four perfectly trained voices no doubt may be a means of spiritual profit to the people who sit quiet, with their hymn-books before them; but I often longed to hear the roar of voices from the great congregation, even though some of the elements of the mighty chorus might be discordant. I have reason to believe that these quartette performances are becoming unpopular, and that there is a decided advance towards singing which is more congregational.

I had little opportunity of ascertaining for myself the character of American preaching; but the result of my inquiries was that many persons, especially amongst the more intelligent classes, complain that sermons are too frequently elaborate and argumentative essays, aimed at the intellectual faculty, rather than earnest, practical appeals addressed to the heart. Perfect Q 226 preaching should combine both features. The heart should be reached through the head—emotions should be stirred by convictions—feeling should be generated by thought. “While I was musing the fire burned.” But some *musing* does not seem calculated to produce *burning* . It may be most valuable in the study, but it is not

adequate to the demands of the Church. Preaching of the very highest type is found in America, combining the intellectual with the emotional and practical, as in the case of my friend, Dr. Cuyler; still I was led to infer that generally the former element was cultivated to the neglect of the latter.

Many persons said they were weary of logical discussions on doctrine, and the everlasting argument in defence of Christianity, instead of having Christianity itself exhibited simply and fervently. A merchant of eminence in New York told me of a clergyman, very learned and very pious, but whose logical faculty ran away with him. Every sermon was a masterpiece of argumentation, showing a great range of knowledge and grasp of intellect. A lawyer of genius came to the neighbourhood and attended his church. The sermons, under this fresh stimulus, became increasingly learned and clever. But the lawyer soon absented 227 himself, and, to the surprise of every one, took a pew in the church of a preacher vastly inferior in intellectual power, but very simple and earnest. Being asked his reason for such a change, he replied that he was weary with constant argumentation; he had enough of that in books and in the course of his profession during the week: on Sunday he wanted rest and refreshment by stimulus given to his moral nature.

I said to my friend, “But a preacher with a congregation composed of such persons as yourself, thinking he is bound to minister very specially to cultivated intellects—” “No need to finish your sentence,” interrupted my friend. “I don't want it. I want my conscience stirred and my heart warmed. I knew a very clever man, a member of the Government, who was always punctual to a moment in meeting his colleagues. One day, arriving very late, surprise was expressed, and he thus explained the cause. There was a revivalist preacher in the city—a man of little learning but great fervour. The statesman said, ‘I was passing the church when he was preaching, and thought I would go in for a minute to hear him, but when I was inside I forgot all about time. That is what I call good preaching.’ Being 228 asked to define more precisely what he meant, he replied, ‘Good preaching drives you up

into a corner, and makes you feel you're a great sinner, and that none but Christ can save you.'"

It may be added that "the opinion of the Canadians in reference to Free Churches confirms that of the Christian people of the States. Rather than give my own impressions of what I saw there, I will quote the words of the Bishop of Ontario, at Ottawa, on Jan. 19, 1869. "I candidly confess that I would not exchange the present condition of the Canadian Church for her condition as an endowed Establishment. We have no State aid, but we are free from State restrictions on our development. We have no legal superiority of status, but we have what is better, synodical action." The Bishop added, that if a traveller to Canada fifteen years ago were to revisit them, he would see no change in the Church but for the better; he would find the same services, but in increased numbers; and the churches still open, but more of them, and better built. Within the last six years the number of the clergy of that diocese had increased from 54 to 86, and 50 new churches and 18 parsonages had been built.

CHAPTER IX. INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.

State of Feeling towards Great Britain—Democrats—Republicans—Southerners—A "Gentleman of Virginia"—Fenian Meeting at Cooper Institute—Opinions of Clergymen in New York—Reception at Bunker's—At the Stock Exchange, Wall Street—At Washington Address to the American People.

NEXT to the desire to preach the gospel of peace between God and men, I was prompted to visit America by the hope that I might be able to say words promotive of peace between the two nations, for I was painfully aware that very strong feelings of grief and indignation, if not of hostility, were cherished by many persons in America towards my own country. I was not surprised at this, for during their great war many things occurred which, if not meant to be unfriendly, had that appearance; and some things were done, and many words were uttered, which were avowedly in opposition to the great cause for which the

Government and the Northern States were striving. It was my happiness and privilege (though many at the time considered it a misfortune and a folly) to 230 take some humble but earnest part with those who, from the very beginning of the struggle, regarded it as involving the great question of the abolition of slavery, and who endeavoured to encourage a popular sentiment in favour of “Union and Emancipation.” I hoped, therefore, that this avowed sympathy might win for me an audience which I could not. claim on other grounds, and which would not have been granted to any one, however eminent his station or ability, who had sympathized with the rebellion, or who even had been simply indifferent to the success of the North, when, in the crisis of their deadly strife, they earnestly looked towards their mother-country, so long the temple and home of freedom, for moral support and encouragement.

I will endeavour to convey to the reader a correct idea of what I found to be the actual state of feeling towards Great Britain. Every one knows that there are two great parties in America—the Democratic and the Republican,—though every one does not understand the difference between them. This must not be sought for in etymology: with us the terms are often used synonymously, but in America they are in direct antagonism. The Southern States were all 231 pro-slavery, and Democratic. The Northern States excluded slavery, but the people were divided in sentiment, the Democrats being the political allies of the South, while the Republicans were their opponents; all of the latter being hostile to the extension of slavery beyond its then existing limits, and some of them advocating its total abolition.

The genius of the United or Federal Government, to which all the States are subject, was always adverse to slavery. But the American Constitution reserves to each State the power to regulate its own domestic institutions. Every State has its own self-elected Governor and Houses of Representatives, by whom all local taxes are levied, and all laws relating to that particular State enacted. The Federal Government has authority only over tariff and currency, with postal and other arrangements in which all the States are interested in common, and especially in foreign relations and in questions of peace or war.

It was evidently the interest of the South to exalt the independent power of the separate States, in order to preserve and extend their favourite institution of slavery. Equally was it the interest of those who opposed slavery to exalt the Federal Government in its control of the 232 separate States. The favourers of the independent power of the States are called “Democrats”; while those who would exalt the Federal Government are the “Republicans.” “Copperhead,” the name of a species of snake, was a term of opprobrium given to those in the North who favoured the rebels. “War-Democrats” were for war with persistent rebels, but would concede everything to secure their return to the Union. Speaking generally, the Southerners intensely hate this country; the Democrats in the North are scarcely less hostile; while the Republicans, who constitute by far the most intelligent and influential of the citizens, including the Churches and their clergy, are our true friends and allies, but are deeply wounded by, and many of them indignant at, what they consider the wrongful treatment they received at our hands. Their expressions of resentment are not to be regarded as those of an enemy, but of a true friend greatly pained, whose love remains deep though dormant, capable of being awakened, and of a sort worth taking any pains, consistently with national honour, to revive and retain.

In illustration of Southern sentiment, I will relate an incident which occurred in a railway-car near Richmond. 233 The Governor of Virginia, Mr. Pierpoint, had hospitably entertained me at his official residence; and was escorting me to view the great battle-field near Petersburg, where at length Grant broke through Lee's lines, at the distance of fifty miles from the Confederate capital. The Governor introduced me to a Southern planter and clergyman, who was in the carriage, and who at once addressed me in a very excited manner and with loud tones, so that he attracted the attention of upwards of thirty people who were in the car, and became his audience. He at once plunged into the subject of the war; denouncing the Yankees, their folly in trying to educate the niggers, and the doings of the Freed-Men's Aid Society; saying that the Southerners knew best how to treat their own servants, that they would not be interfered with, and that the Yankees should never govern

them. He added, “I was a rebel—I've no apology to make—I'm not ashamed of it—I avow it.”

I ventured to interpose the remark that at least he must admit that the conquerors ruled very mildly when an avowed rebel was allowed to talk so strongly against the Government in the presence of a promiscuous company, and before the Governor himself. 234 At this the planter became furious, and standing up at his utmost height, clenching his fist, and shaking it at the Governor who sat quietly smiling beside him, said in the loudest voice, “Governor! who's the Governor? I'm as good as any Governor—I'm a gentleman of Virginia!” He then went on to denounce England, and said he hoped to see the day when the Republican movement would cross the Atlantic, headed by Yankee gun-boats, and carrying devastation all round our coasts. Such a crusade would make the North and the South one again. I said, “This seems hard. The North are angry with us because we sympathized with you; and you seem to give us no thanks for it, but hate us for our supposed good-will.” “Yes,” said he, “and it's the fate of all trimmers. Why didn't you recognize us, and break the blockade? But like all who try to sit between two stools, you tumbled down, and are hated by both of us.”

Similar illustrations might be endlessly multiplied. None are necessary. A people maintaining slavery—breeding, buying, selling, separating, flogging, branding, killing men and women, asserting a power over them as “chattels,” and claiming divine authority 235 to do this, must hate a nation which, in spite of some apparent sympathy on political grounds, never ceased to repudiate, condemn, and abhor slavery as the most flagrant violation of human rights and of the laws of Christ.

When I was in New York I attended a mass-meeting of Democrats in the Cooper Institute. A barrister was addressing an immense audience in view of an approaching election, and the burden of his speech was enmity to Great Britain and the negro race. He uttered the most egregious falsehoods respecting our country, and indulged in the most violent threats, all of which were responded to with rapturous and wild enthusiasm by the excited

multitude. I was eager to go to the front and defend my country from those vile slanders, feeling sure I could gain the ear of the assembly, and in a few sentences expose the folly and falsehood of the orator. But the friend who accompanied me pulled me violently away and almost forced me out of the hall, assuring me that an attempt on my part to address that audience on behalf of England would be perilous to my life. He was a citizen of New York, and said he knew the nature of that meeting too well to allow me to attempt to speak there. 236 Granting that many there were Irish, and Fenians, I could not but feel that it would be impossible to convene a public or “mass-meeting” anywhere in Great Britain where hostile sentiments towards America would be thus received, or where it would be perilous to attempt a reply.

The Irish element in the population has considerable influence on international politics. Unhappily, the Irish emigrants land there cherishing an unreasoning and deadly hatred towards Great Britain. They almost invariably join the Democratic party, as the one most hostile to us, and also as most opposed to the negro race, competitors with them in the labour-market. I was grieved and indignant to hear the same Irish yells of applause at the denunciation of what was called British tyranny towards them, repeated as emphatically at denunciations of the negro. The real slavery of the latter they seemed ready to re-enact with all its horrors, while vehemently protesting against any appearance of political unfairness towards themselves. The votes of the Irish in many constituencies are sufficient to turn the elections in favour of the Democrats. Hence there is a disposition on the part of some unscrupulous politicians to curry favour 237 with them by fostering their anti-British prejudices. He who says the bitterest things against us is most likely to win their applause and their votes. There can be no doubt that any hostile policy towards Great Britain, however unjust and foolish, would find strenuous supporters amongst the Southerners, the Democrats, and the Irish population.

But the bulk of American citizenship, as evidenced in the recent election of President Grant, is composed of the Republican party. Here are our true allies. They include the principal merchants, the men of letters, the professors of the universities, the clergy, the

various Christian Churches, and the bulk of the more thoughtful and industrious men of the population. All their associations, their old memories, their national sympathies, their political sentiments, their religious feelings, their philanthropic labours, as well as their commercial interests,‘ link them with us. They cherish a deep reverence and love for the old country in spite of all they sometimes say to the contrary. Had we maintained a more friendly attitude towards them through their struggle, we should have cemented them to us for ever. We may yet do so. But the wound is deep and will require promptitude, 238 patience, and generosity in healing it. Healed it may be; and there cannot be a work for the present generation more important in its bearings on the interests of the two countries and the welfare of the world.

There are some Republicans whose sense of wrong is ever ready for expression, and not in the mildest terms. I had a specimen of this one day at Philadelphia. I was introduced to a leading barrister at the door of the Court-house, who, within a minute of salutation, said, in tones intended no doubt to make me tremble, but which had the very contrary effect: “Mind! we mean to be paid for the *Alabama* damages! If we are your daughter, we're grown up, and we've got gun-boats.” But I am bound to say this was the only instance in which a rude thing was said to me by a Republican. I mention it because I desire to give a true picture of all shades of American sentiment; and it cannot be doubted that there are many who feel and speak as he did, and who would be too ready to sanction a policy of defiance and exorbitant claims, which could have only one result, and that the most disastrous to both countries.

But all through New England, in the Western States, in the State of New York, amongst all ranks, 239 I found the same deep sense of injury, expressed, however, not as those of an enemy, but of a friend grievously wronged. I cannot do better than report what took place at a clerical meeting in New York, called the Chi-Alpha, or Christian Brotherhood. About thirty of the most learned, eloquent, and influential of the clergy of different Churches were assembled. Having responded to their invitation to speak on the relations of Great Britain to America, I asked them to favour me severally with their view of our conduct, and of the

feelings of Americans, intimating that I might make use of the notes I took of what they said. The following is a specimen of the statements which were then frankly given.

A. “At the beginning of the war we were intensely sensitive in regard to the opinion of the world, and especially of Great Britain, the circumstances being so new. We were certain that slavery would have to go. The South said they had nothing to complain of but in relation to slavery, and we wondered that a nation like yours, attaching importance to law and government, should sympathize with the disturbers of it, and that a nation professing to hate slavery should wish success to the champions of it.”

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B. “We feel we have a right to the fame of England. We have not lost our historic lineage and common literature, though we have changed our soil. But we had a deep persuasion that it was the desire of the great portion of the British nation that our Government might prove a failure. The *Alabama* question is shelved, but not settled; we do not wish to press it; let it bide its time; England will be only too glad some day to recognize the principles of Mr. Seward.”

C. “It is true that Americans have often made themselves unpleasant by brag, and that in some respects the conduct of Great Britain has been censured too severely; yet we cannot forget how, as a whole, she was against us, and thus a grand opportunity of binding us to you was missed.”

D. “Throughout America there is a feeling that we do not care a feather now what is thought of us. There was a time when we had great anxiety to know what France and Great Britain thought. Our first great war made us independent of the British *Government:* this one has made us independent of British *opinion.* It is too late now to bring back the former state of things, and we shall make our laws, or hang 241 our rebels independent of what is thought of us on the other side.”*

* It is the glory of the conquerors that they have not hung one single rebel for the act of rebellion, and that not an individual is in captivity on that account. In what great revolutionary war of Europe did the conquering Government thus act towards the vanquished?

E. “If this country were polled, 999 out of every 1,000 would endorse what has been said. A deep sense of wrong remains for want of sympathy at a time of great peril to our interests, when sympathy would have been of great value. There is a feeling that the English Government is reckless of liberty all over the world. There are five or six millions of Irish with us, reminding us of the wrongs their nation suffered; and we are out of patience with the ecclesiastical system of Great Britain.”

F. “We were specially grieved that the religious part of the community were so against us. We shall never return to our former state of dependence on British opinion; that is thoroughly gone. We felt warranted to believe that England would always be on the side of freedom; yet all the leading journals and all the quarterlies, except the *Westminster* , were against us; with the *Christian Observer, Evangelical* 242 *Christendom* , &c. Your intellectual and social influence was on the side of the South; and we could not understand it. Fighting against rebellion, we expected to be supported as a legitimate Government; fighting against slavery, we expected sympathy from advocates of emancipation. During twenty years hardly a clergyman went to England who was not catechised and treated coldly till he could fully clear himself on this question; yet there was no sympathy for us when the South declared plainly that it was fighting for slavery. We were paralysed; then indignant; then came a conviction that we could not trust the English Government for support when great moral questions were at stake; we might trust the people, but not the Government. What prominent Scotchman took our side? What religious bodies? We were left to fight out the battle against slavery alone; there was not a nation in the world to help us. We did it alone, and now we stand alone.”

G. “It was a question of national existence with us. It was impossible to be divided once, and there remain; other divisions would follow. We were chiefly disappointed that so large a part of the religious influence of England was against us; some of 243 the most offensive things that were uttered were from the religious press.”

H. “We are not entirely indifferent to England; deeply aggrieved, we have no purpose to nurse our indignation. Having by victory disproved their predictions, we can forgive what was wrong, and try to promote a good understanding.”

Dr. Cox. “‘England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.’ England gave slavery to America first; Rather than reproach each other, Shem and Japhet had better walk backward and cover their father's nakedness. It would be a shame for hostility ever to arise between the two great champions of liberty and Protestantism.”

Dr. Cheever. “Should we not speak more humbly than some have done? Were *we* free from blame? We never spoke out fully against slavery. Think of such slavery, of four millions of people, the product of our Government, and it becomes a question whether our Government, as it then existed, was a good Government, far less ‘the best Government in the world.’ There was not a Government which sustained and secured so much evil as ours at the time when the war broke out. This is no defence for the rebellion: but candid moralists may consider how our 244 Government guaranteed slavery to millions, and for centuries; and then they may ponder whether the balance of such a Government turned in favour of the interests of the human race. Better that our Government had been broken up into ten thousand pieces and slavery destroyed, than that it should continue as it was. Within a month after the first gun was fired, a national Peace Congress recommended an alteration of the Constitution in favour of perpetuating slavery; and the Governor of this State of New York advised the people to accept it, and so in Rhode Island, and they accepted it. This was the last revelation of the Christian spirit of the Government that God gave, time to develop. There could not be a greater sign of depravity. Then, down came the battle-axe; and our Union of expediency was broken by Divine Omnipotence. Then

arose the light of hope in favour of the slave. I was in England, and can speak positively that at the beginning, and for several months after the beginning of the war, England was overwhelmingly in our favour; but America seemed to say to God, ‘No, Father Almighty! not till the utmost necessity will we give up slavery.’ The people and leaders of the earth waited to see the course of the 245 conflict in regard to slavery, and said, We are ready to prevent the recognition of that confederacy; we are with you heart and soul, but are *you* with *us* ? Did our Churches speak out? When General Fremont issued his proclamation of freedom, President Lincoln made him withdraw it. In the light of these facts a more humble attitude becomes us in judging of Great Britain.”

Dr. Cheever was alone in this manly remonstrance, but his words produced a great impression on the company. However, it was very evident that if these men, of the highest standing and widest influence in the different Churches, cherished such opinions as had been so warmly repeated again and again, the general sentiment pervading the community was very unfavourable towards Great Britain; so that I became the more anxious to embrace every opportunity to correct some of the misconceptions which prevailed, and to show how much more than was supposed the British nation was, all along, the true friend of America.

Facilities for doing this were afforded me whereever I went. Americans seemed anxious to be convinced that Great Britain was their friend; and even 246 through so unofficial and humble an individual, took the utmost pains to manifest the good-will which they really wished to cherish, and did cherish, towards the Old Country. As an illustration of this I may mention that when I was at Boston, I was honoured by a public reception at the great monument on Bunker's Hill. The Mayor of Charleston (that part of Boston where Bunker Hill is situated) presided. The Commodore of the U.S. Arsenal was present, with the Government band, which played “God save the Queen” alternately with “Yankee Doodle.” Judge Warren, President of the Bunker Hill Monument Committee, delivered an address full of good feeling toward our country and our Queen; making allusion, in hearty terms, to the visit of the Prince of Wales to Bunker Hill, and the enthusiastic welcome he

there received. An immense multitude listened with great attention to my remarks, which, however friendly to America, never compromised the honour of Great Britain—and when, pointing to the two national flags intertwined above us, I said, “There is not so glorious a flag in the universe as that of the Stars and Stripes, except that of the Clustered Crosses,” though there was a hearty cheer at the mention of the American 247 flag, there was a still heartier burst of generous enthusiasm at the close of the sentence. When I had finished, a venerable old man, above eighty years of age, a sort of apostle to sailors, well known and greatly esteemed in Boston, ascended the platform, and in a loud voice, with much emotion, said—“Give my love to your Queen—tell her she's my sister—and all her foes are mine and ours.” The incident, as recorded, may seem trivial, but it was very impressive. The old man's words seemed to find an echo in every heart of that great multitude, as the band struck up our National Anthem, and three cheers for the Queen and Great Britain were given with an enthusiasm I have seldom seen surpassed at home.

At New York I was one day going round the city, and, amongst other places of interest, visited the Stock Exchange, in Wall Street. I was almost stunned by the din of voices shouting out the prices. I never witnessed such intense eagerness, or heard such a Babel of cries. My wonder was that any one could shout so loud more than five minutes without being speechlessly hoarse for some days. Suddenly the president struck his hammer authoritatively. There was instant silence, and, to my astonishment, 248 he announced my name, introduced me as an Englishman, a friend to America. I was at once called up to the side of the president, and all hats were taken off while I addressed to them a few earnest words on the importance to commerce of peace between the two countries, assuring them, all opinions to the contrary notwithstanding, that the British nation were their true and stedfast friends. At the close of my brief address, hearty cheers were given for Great Britain, and some one starting “God save the Queen,” all joined in the anthem with enthusiasm. In a moment hats were on again, and the eager gesticulation and uproar were resumed. It was an extraordinary scene for a crowded Stock Exchange, in the most busy hour of the day, but I regarded it as an evidence of the prevailing disposition to show

friendship to Great Britain, through any one who might, in however humble a sense, be regarded as a representative of the nation, or of any section of it.

In the chief cities I visited requisitions were made to me from the leading merchants to address the citizens on our international relations, on which occasions the most influential of their public men 249 were amongst the audience, listening with respectful candour to all that was advanced. Though many things were said opposed to the general opinion, not in one case was there any outward sign of dissent. If the audience disagreed, they listened with thoughtful silence; but they responded with heartiest energy to every sentiment of peace and goodwill.

At Washington, Mr. Seward, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, did me the honour of inviting me to his house on two evenings of the week I spent in the capital, as well as granting me a private audience. He listened to all I had to say with great attention, and though I felt he cherished very strong opinions as to the negligence, if not culpability, of our Government, I was convinced that he really desired to make an amicable and lasting settlement. Mr. Sumner moved in the Senate that the use of that chamber should be granted me for the delivery of an address in the interests of international peace; and though, after considerable debate, the motion was negatived by a small majority, on grounds of inexpediency, none of the senators objected to the proposal itself. Eventually the address was delivered 250 in the largest church of Washington. Most of the members of both Houses were present. General Grant, now President, sat just before me, and Chief Justice Chase presided. I mention these circumstances to show how, amongst all classes, including those of the highest consideration and greatest influence, there was an evident desire to manifest goodwill to England, and to hear all that might be said, even by so defective and unauthorized an advocate, to correct their misconceptions and mitigate their feelings in regard to us.

I had the privilege of delivering similar addresses at Chicago, St. Louis, Springfield, Buffalo, New Haven, Albany, Boston, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, New York, and elsewhere.*

The labour and excitement connected with these lectures, in addition to frequent preaching, were considerable, but I was animated by

* I owe it to myself and my mission to state that, although in accordance with American custom, and to pay the expenses of the meeting, money was taken either by ticket or collection, the entire surplus, without any deduction for personal expenses, still remains in the hands of a Committee at New York, for the purpose of erecting in London an international monument of good-will, in the shape of a “Lincoln Tower,” to be composed of a series of class-rooms for the children of the poor of South London.

251 the desire to do something towards promoting a more friendly feeling in the minds of Americans, and I hope it was not altogether labour lost. The daily and monthly periodicals rendered efficient aid, giving lengthy reports of my statements, and thus diffusing them throughout the land. With my Address to the American People, I close the present series of papers:—

“Nothing was more strongly impressed on my mind during my visit to your country than the substantial unity of our two nations. When seated at your hospitable tables; when gathering with your households round the dear old family Bible; when worshipping in your churches and ministering in your pulpits—but for the absence of those most dear to me, I might have forgotten that a great ocean rolled between us. In your Courts of Justice I found the same Common Law administered, the same precedents quoted. And when visiting scenes of historic fame, it seemed to me that Englishmen might claim an interest in them as well as Americans.

“On Plymouth Rock I felt that if *New* England received the Pilgrim Fathers, *Old* England nourished them; that others like them remained behind, and 252 that by their labours and sufferings we both enjoy the inestimable privilege of “freedom to worship God.” On Bunker Hill, I rejoiced to see our national flags draped together, and to hear the national airs of the two countries performed by the Arsenal band. As an Englishman I could exult in the proud memories clustering round that spot; for it was not America which conquered

Britain, but it was rather English justice and English bravery developed in this land which triumphed over a tyrannical and bigoted faction, whose defeat no intelligent Englishman of the present day regrets.

Throughout your war it was my privilege to take an humble but earnest share with others in endeavouring to correct some of the mistaken ideas of a portion of my countrymen in reference to your struggle. I may therefore claim some indulgence if I respectfully presume to endeavour to remove, or at least mitigate, what I venture to consider to be erroneous opinions entertained by some Americans in reference to the feelings and attitude of the British nation.

“I am not surprised that you should have felt disappointed, grieved, and finally indignant, at much that 253 was said and done in my country during your mighty struggle. Viewed in one aspect I rejoice in that indignation, for it is a proof of your love. When a stranger treats us with indifference we are not angry, because we expected nothing; but the case is very different when a friend on whom we relied fails us in the hour of need. It is well known that France not only recognized the belligerency of the South as hastily as Great Britain did, but proposed to recognize its nationality also, which Great Britain refused. Why, then, were you more angry with us than with France? Because you really love us most. But that love, deep-rooted as I believe it was and still is, was most severely tried.

“Rude and terrible seemed the blow dealt by the ‘Mother-Country.’ When you were struggling for an existence which slavery, undisguised, threatened to destroy as antagonistic to itself, that Mother-Country,. whose moral sympathy alone was asked, stood by cold and critical, and, as you thought, even antagonistic. You felt it was more than strange that a country which had always denounced you as permitting slavery, condemned you for engaging in a war, the certain issue of which would be the destruction of slavery. You 254 felt it more than strange that the party always priding itself as the party of ‘order,’ the aristocracy, which always condemned rebellion and professed to stand by the law, should make an exception in your case, and openly sympathize with those who,

trampling upon the most sacred obligations, and without any pretext of oppression, were endeavouring to control the voice of the people and the authority of the Constitution, and to rend in pieces a great and allied nation.

“You might well think that we were not ‘slow to wrath’ in the matter of the *Trent* , and betrayed a too eager disposition to put the worst construction on an action which your own Government had not sanctioned nor endorsed, but in reference to which you at once submitted to the decision of your own authorities.

“The hasty recognition of the belligerency of the South, the fitting-out of the *Alabama* and other cruisers, the running of the blockade with munitions of war, you regarded not simply as marks of ill-will, but as actually strengthening your enemy and greatly increasing your labour and your losses. Added to all this was the general tone of the leading newspapers and reviews, and of what is called ‘Society.’ This 255 you regarded as entirely opposed to you. Under these circumstances I cannot be surprised at your feelings of indignation. It seemed to you as if a garrotter had suddenly seized his victim when unprepared, while the friend of the victim looked on, encouraging the miscreant in his murderous assault.

“Let us, however, in fairness permit the accused to say what he can, if not to prove his innocence yet in mitigation of sentence. In reference to running the blockade it may be pleaded: This was an act not of the Government or the People, but of unscrupulous individuals disgracing the name of merchants and seeking only their own wretched gains. They sent out those vessels under pretence of legitimate commerce. They ran the blockade at their own risk. Many of them were ruined—and justly so. The British Government did nothing to shield them from damage brought on themselves by lawlessness. Moreover, if the South obtained large quantities of the material of war from Great Britain, did not the North—though legitimately, because their ports were open—obtain much more? And if British merchants, foreigners, ran the blockade with ammunition, is it not said that some New York merchants—parties to the war of 256 their own nation—did the same? If bullets of British make helped to kill the Northern soldiers, were not

some of these bullets imported by Northern traders? And have no American merchants run the blockade during wars in Europe? If they did, it was not the fault of the American Nation. Neither should the running the Southern blockade by some British adventurers be attributed to the British Nation.

“Let me speak somewhat more at length respecting the ‘Belligerency’ and *Alabama* questions. You complain that within a few days of the arrival of your new Minister, Mr. Adams, who was known to be on his. way with special instructions from your Government, a Royal Proclamation of neutrality was issued, whereby equal maritime rights were granted both to the North and the South, at a time when the South had not a port open nor a vessel at sea. You complain of this as unnecessary, unprecedented, and hostile. You should have been left to deal with your own rebels as such—a friendly and allied Power not hastening to treat those rebels as on equal terms. Not thus, you say truly, were the Poles recognized, or the Hungarians. Not so are the Cretans recognized in their valiant resistance to the Turk. Not so would 257 you, while professing to be friendly, rush to recognize the Fenian conspiracy.

“Permit one who deeply feels how much cause you have of just complaint, briefly to suggest what may be said on the other side by way of defence or apology.

“The ambassadors of the old *regime* , who represented Buchanan's policy, had been allowed to remain a considerable time at their posts after the accession of Mr. Lincoln. They disseminated Southern views, and had great influence in inducing the belief among our governing classes that if the South seceded there would be no attempt made to force them back, or that such attempt would be futile if made. Moreover, the vast extent of the territory in insurrection must be taken into account, and (excepting the slaves) the supposed concurrence of all the population and of the local Governments. This seemed to distinguish the Southern Rebellion from the cases adduced in Europe.

“Moreover, it is said that the South had vessels afloat before our Proclamation;* and, if not, that S

* In Jan., 1861, the *Win. Ackland* was surrendered by her captain and received into the service of S. Carolina. This was several months before the Proclamation of Belligerency, which was issued in May. The *New York Herald*, of Nov. 19, 1861, published a list of fifty-four privateers in the Confederate service. The Southern *Merrimac* sank the Northern *Cumberland*. There was certainly belligerency at sea as well as on shore before the *Alabama* sailed, which was not till July, 1862.

258 orders had been given for the fitting out of privateers, and that it was for the advantage of America that the Proclamation should be issued, so as the better to stop them. Though you may reply that such vessels would have been mere pirates but for the Proclamation which made them belligerents, yet it is a fact that some of the best friends of America supported that Proclamation in the interests of the Union. Mr. W. E. Forster, an eminent statesman, and a distinguished and consistent advocate of your great cause, has stated on several occasions that at the time of the Queen's Proclamation he regarded it as an act friendly and not hostile to the American Government.*

* This has been recently shown more fully and With great force in the masterly speech of the right hon. gentleman at Bradford, when he stated that the Proclamation was hastened out of regard for Northern interests, and was regarded as a great triumph by himself and other friends of America.

“It is also urged that Mr. Seward had officially spoken of the Southern rebellion as ‘open, undisguised 259 war,’ and had given public directions as to the treatment of ‘neutrals’ previously to our Proclamation; so that it was not Great Britain which first baptised Rebellion by the name of Belligerency.

“Besides, the blockade of the Southern ports and the news of it preceded the Queen's Proclamation. According to international law a Government may close, but cannot

blockade its own ports. ‘Blockade’ involves the right of search at sea; but no Government has this right of search unless there is a state of war. To make the blockade effectual by the right of search, a state of war must needs be supposed to exist. Thus your ‘blockade’ was regarded as an actual recognition of a state of war. Great Britain, therefore, if hasty, did not anticipate the action of your own Government. Subsequently, and throughout the war, by your treatment of prisoners, by your exchanging them, and by many other acts, you treated the South not as rebels but as belligerents. Great Britain, therefore, is not to be blamed for recognizing what yourselves practically admitted. Moreover, if she erred, she did so with the assent and conjunction of the other European Powers. Such is the plea put forth by the defenders of the Proclamation; and though 260 you may reject much of it, still it is only fair to listen and to consider.

“The chief and most reasonable ground of complaint is the fitting out of the *Alabama* and other cruisers. There were sufficient grounds to suspect the true design of this gun-boat ‘290.’ The evidence was laid before the proper authorities by your Minister, but was declared inadequate for her detention. More evidence was obtained. There was no reasonable doubt. But the case had to be submitted to the law-officers. There was culpable and suspicious delay. At length the order was given to stop the ship; but she had slipped away on pretence of a trial-trip. Built in a British yard, manned by British sailors, armed with British guns, alluring her prey by the British flag, entering no Confederate port, but allowed to enter and refit in British colonial harbours, this hornet of the sea attacked and burnt to the water's edge upwards of sixty unarmed peaceful vessels of commerce belonging to the Northern States. Another of the same class of vessels destroyed the *George Griswold* on her return voyage from carrying a cargo of food generously sent by American citizens to our starving cotton operatives, Was it the act of 261 a friendly Power to allow these pirates the protection of her ports and the privilege of belligerency? Would Great Britain calmly submit to such treatment on the part of any of her own allies? And seeing that thus American shipping was exposed to such danger that a great portion of the

carrying trade went over to British ship-owners, is it surprising that some Americans should attribute an interested motive to remissness which was, in fact, so profitable?

“Again we must let the accused speak for themselves, if only to show how little they have to say. The apology may thus be stated: We are an old country, and stand much on forms and precedents. America is a new country, less trammelled and more prompt in action. When ‘God save the Queen’ and ‘Yankee Doodle’ are played, every one must notice that the latter is much the faster. When the parent can only walk the child can run, and should not too harshly chide the slowness of age. In the case of the *Alabama* there were certain formalities which had necessarily to be gone through; and while officials paused the ship escaped. The final and fatal delay of forty-eight hours, by which the *Alabama* ultimately escaped, is, however, to be attributed to Divine Providence 262 rather than to wilful negligence, as the Queen's law-officer was seized with illness which rendered it absolutely impossible for him to attend to any business. Besides, it was never openly professed that the *Alabama* was intended for the Confederates. It is said that the Fenians in the United States have magazines of arms and mustering places, and that openly and undisguised they are allowed to carry on their preparations. If with one-half this openness, the *Alabama* had been proclaimed to be for the Southern conspirators, she would have been arrested within twenty-four hours.

“Besides, say our apologists, the *Alabama* went out merely as an empty vessel, built in the process of ordinary commerce; that whereas a vessel armed for war and sailing from a neutral port would be a violation of neutrality, it is otherwise with a mere empty ship, paid for by others and taken away, and then armed elsewhere; and that the *Alabama* , though built in Liverpool, was armed off the Azores by other parties.

“Although such pleas may be urged, there is a large party in Great Britain who do not attempt to vindicate the conduct of the Government. If the law is not 263 adequate, it should be made so. The interests at stake would have justified, nay, demanded, prompt action, even beyond the limit of precedent. There was no delay in recognizing the

belligerency—there should have been none in arresting the pirate. Though not actually armed, she was evidently prepared for arming, and intended for war. It was monstrous that having once escaped, nefariously and by an evasion of British law, the *Alabama* should have been allowed to enter our colonial ports. She was either a pirate or a belligerent. If the former, she should have been seized as such. If the latter, her claim was false, being vitiated *ab initio* in the mode of acquiring that character. Above all, the British Government is to be censured for peremptorily refusing to refer to arbitration the question of wrong and of damages thus arising. This was as impolitic as it was ungracious; for if any nation is interested in preventing such a career as that of the *Alabama* becoming a precedent, it is Great Britain.

“Nevertheless it may be said that, however some of the subordinate officers at Liverpool may have favoured the escape of the *Alabama* , most Englishmen would deny that there was any dishonesty on the part of 264 Earl Russell and the Cabinet. The Foreign Minister did not act promptly, but he did not act treacherously; and his refusal of arbitration was not from injustice, but a mistaken notion of Imperial honour. But now all parties are anxious to redress the wrong. The various sections of politicians unite in giving honour to Lord Stanley, the Conservative Foreign Secretary, one of whose first acts on coming into office was to reopen the *Alabama* question on the terms refused by his predecessor. It is the universal wish of Great Britain to refer the question to an impartial tribunal, and at once to pay any damages which such tribunal shall adjudge to be due.

“Let it not be said that this is altogether a sudden and merely interested conviction. The great mass of *the peole* deprecated at the time, in the strongest manner, the fitting out of those gun-boats. It was not the act of the nation; nor should the nation be held responsible for the culpable dilatoriness of those who held office. The great mass of the people who have to pay the damages were not to blame that those damages were incurred; but they are earnest in their desire to pay them. There are some Americans who openly avow a wish to keep the question unsettled for 265 political purposes, and in order to retaliate on Great Britain at some future time. There may be some Englishmen who only wish it

settled from self-interested motives; but there can be no doubt that the majority of our statesmen, and the great mass of the people, desire this on the grounds of justice, and for that international good-will which it is their honest desire to cultivate.

“As the course of a river is determined in the hills before it becomes a river, and where for a time it seems uncertain on which side it will descend; but when once it has broken forth upon the plain, that river's course cannot be changed: so it is in the sublime heights of diplomacy that wars are generally determined, and when the people below first become aware of them it is too late to arrest them. War between Great Britain and America—a greater calamity and wickedness than the world has ever known—is still in the regions of diplomacy. But may not the people of both nations climb without presumption into those regions, and before it is too late break in upon the disputes of jurists and historians and diplomatists, and declare that there shall be no strife between us, for we are brethren? We do not counsel 266 humiliating concessions; we do ask honourable reconciliation. If we have erred, we are willing to confess it. If we have done injury, to redress it. We would make it easy for any Government to bring about a speedy and righteous solution of the difficulty. All party prejudices are forgotten among Englishmen in reference to this matter. Lord Stanley has been assured that he or any other Foreign Secretary who will remove this cause of difference, and cement more firmly the two nations, will, in so doing, have the support of all classes of the people, and will earn a title to the thanks of the civilized world.

“The *Alabama* case would not have excited so much feeling in America if it had not been regarded as a practical proof of that hostility which was thought to animate the British Nation throughout the war. This it is which rankles in the breasts of Americans: that not the Government alone, but the People, as represented by their newspapers, reviews, leading politicians, and the general tone of cultivated society, wished success to their foes.

“In mitigation of this judgment, and with the earnest desire to promote a better understanding by removing in some measure this sense of wrong, I wish 267 to show—(i) That the greater number of Englishmen who sympathized with the South did so from

erroneous views of the policy of the North, and not from any feelings of hostility; and (2) That, notwithstanding appearances, the great mass of the British Nation did actually agree and sympathize with the North in their great struggle.

“As to the first point: It cannot be denied that an influential party in Great Britain did. sincerely wish the triumph of the Rebellion. Some did so from a mean spirit of jealousy. They saw how great America had become; they saw how much greater she must speedily be; and because they feared she might some day overshadow us, they welcomed a schism which threatened to break her up into several smaller nationalities, and thus leave Great Britain *greatest* .

“Others sympathized with the South from hatred of Republican institutions. The Tories, who have disputed every step of progress the people have made these three hundred years, have always said: Beware of giving power to the multitude; stand by the ancient barriers; trust to your hereditary legislators, who, by birth, rank, and wealth, are your natural rulers; but beware of any approach to Republican government, 268 which has in it no principle of stability. If in reply to such counsel the example of America was referred to, they said: America is a new country; Republican institutions are only on their trial; wait a little, and the end will come. When your war broke out, many thought the prophecy was about to be fulfilled. And so, because they honestly hated Republicanism and all approach to it, many desired the defeat of your Government and the failure of your institutions.

“But those, who felt thus were only the remains of the old oligarchy of England, against whom the nation has long been struggling; than whom no country can produce an aristocracy more honourable and more respected as individuals; yet as a political party, representing the past and not the present, and by no means to be regarded as the British Nation. The great people who have so long been battling for their rights against this party, and who looked to you for sympathy, were aggrieved that you should attribute to them the sentiments of a few, and those few their political adversaries. Yet even these persons, in the hostility of their views to your policy and Government, were not hostile to *yourselves*

and if any occasion rendered it needful, from none would any of your 269 citizens receive more generous hospitality and personal succour.

“But the great majority of those who sympathized with the South did so in the absence of any such unfriendliness to your Government, and from mistaken views of your policy.

“The Constitution of the United States is not very generally understood in Europe. Many persons consider your Government responsible, as European Governments are, for everything done by authority in the various States composing your Republic, not distinguishing between those sovereign rights which have been surrendered to the central authority of the Union and those other rights which are reserved for ‘State sovereignty.’ Thus slavery, a ‘domestic institution,’ was regarded by many as a question for the United States' Government, which was often blamed for what it had no power directly to control. As some exaggerated the power of the central Government, others unduly exalted that of the several States; as though, because each State retained its independence for internal purposes, there were no sovereign powers which it had surrendered and merged in the General Government of the Union.

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“Many persons, otherwise well-informed, failed to see that the question of slavery had really been agitating your nation from the beginning, and that this war was not a sudden accident, but the culmination of a series of events, the inevitable climax of a long controversy. They did not see that although your Constitution conferred no direct power to put down slavery, yet that the natural development of it was hostile to slavery at every stage, and must at length be its destruction. The Declaration of Independence contained fundamental principles totally condemnatory of an institution so contrary to the idea of the equal right of all men to liberty. Washington freed his slaves. Jefferson said that, on account of slavery, ‘he trembled for his country when he reflected that God was just.’ The question of slavery was always agitating the Republic from 1787, when the boundary line was fixed north-west of the Ohio, to the times of the Missouri Compromise and the

Fugitive Slave Law. Then Sumner was struck down, and ‘Uncle Tom's Cabin’ appeared, and the Dred Scott decision was given, and the struggles in Kansas took place, and the slave-owners made a martyr of an enthusiast, little dreaming that the sentence which 271 doomed him to the gallows was the death-knell of the system, and that in so few years twenty thousand coloured troops would be marching through Washington, singing, as they tramped along the streets, amidst the plaudits of the citizens—

‘John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, But his soul goes marching on.’

“Then came the election, which turned on the question of the extension or non-extension of slavery. Lincoln was the representative of freedom; and when he was chosen, those who by voting had pledged themselves to accept the decision of the nation took up arms to overcome law and the will of the people. Then South Carolina unfurled the standard of Secession on this only plea, that the North had completed a long series of acts hostile to slavery by appointing an anti-slavery President, whereas they were determined to perpetuate and extend slavery as the cornerstone of their empire. Thus the war was the issue of a long controversy. Instead of being an isolated fact and for a trifling object, it was the final struggle of Anarchy against Law, Oligarchy against Republicanism, Slavery against Freedom.

“But the majority of those who sympathized with 272 the South did not perceive this, and were influenced by erroneous notions in regard to the rights of the South, the intentions of the North, and the probable issue of the strife. I refer to these erroneous notions for the purpose of showing that the apparently hostile attitude of a great portion of the British public may be attributed to honest mistake rather than to deliberate ill-will.

“Many quoted the secession of the United States from Great Britain as a proof that the United States' Government was unfair in resisting, on the part of the South, conduct which they justified in themselves. They did not take into consideration the essential difference of the two cases. In the one, taxation imposed without representation, and

respectful remonstrances unheeded; in the other, a more than proportionate share in the representation and in the Government, treachery and hostility without remonstrance, and no grievances to complain of but a Constitutional discouragement of their own oppression of another race.

“It was considered by many that your Constitution left to every State the option of withdrawal; and that therefore the Government was oppressive when it resisted 273 the exercise of such right. This was an opinion not confined to certain parties in England. It was frequently maintained in America as justifying the secession. Of course it was a fallacy. No national Constitution would incorporate a principle of self-destruction. What would be the credit of a Government which might incur a debt and then be disintegrated? One State might withdraw from increasing burdens, and then others might follow, each hurrying lest it be left the last to bear the whole. Or in case of war, the State in danger of the first attack might secede and make separate terms, and so all power of common resistance be nullified. Yet it was honestly believed by many that your nation differed from others in this respect—that its component parts were held together only by the volition of each. England has always been consistent in its sympathy for national independence; so that those persons were not inconsistent who, erroneously thinking the national independence of the South was tyrannically assailed, advocated their cause.

“Others considered that though the South might not have a *legal* right to secede, they did possess the *actual* right which oppression gives. It is strange that T 274 there should have been so much ignorance; yet it is a fact that many persons believed the South had long been groaning under an oppressive tariff imposed for the advantage of Northern manufacturers, and that this and other causes the Government of the Union was no longer endurable. The spirit which induced sympathy for Hungary and Poland induced sympathy for the South; though the ignorance which classed the cases together is a matter of astonishment.

“Some refused sympathy with the North because she was fighting for ‘Empire.’ Of course she was. If war is justifiable at all, nations may surely urge self-existence as a plea. The objection came with the worst possible grace from a quarter where war for empire had been so common. If a rock belonging to Great Britain, no larger than a table, were threatened by a foreign Power, all the Imperial fleets would sail across the ocean ‘to preserve the integrity of the Empire.’ If, when emancipation was decreed in the West Indies, the planters had refused obedience and proclaimed a separate Government, Great Britain would have sent her forces, not to liberate the slaves, but to put down the rebellion; this being done, the emancipation, to resist which the rebellion had been raised, 275 would have ensued as a matter of course. So your war had for its certain issue the destruction of that system of slavery for which the South seceded, although the avowed and immediate object of the war was necessarily the assertion of the law and the maintenance of the Empire. Yet it should be admitted that many persons who felt deeply on the question of slavery withheld their sympathy because the North did not proclaim that the war was avowedly to put an end to that system.

“Others, who might grant that you were really fighting to destroy slavery, withheld sympathy because they object to all war. No doubt you were surprised that our Anti-Slavery Society expressed no approval of your course. It should be known that the chief supporters and officers of that Society are ‘Friends,’ or ‘Quakers,’ who disapprove of all war whatsoever. How could they, consistently with their principles, express sympathy with you? They had all sympathy with your *object* , but they could not approve the *means* .

“Some persons of great intelligence, and who heartily abhorred the object of the South, expressed themselves in favour of recognizing the Confederacy 276 simply in the interests of humanity. They said: History has no case of a territory so vast, and a people so numerous and united, being finally subdued by another nation; the issue of this war seems, therefore, certain: the sacrifice of treasure and blood is prodigious: the longer it

continues the worse for both parties: the inevitable result had, therefore, in the interests of humanity, be better recognized at once.

“There were others, including some of the most earnest friends of freedom, who wished success to the Secession in the interests of the negro race. They said: So long as the Union continues with the Fugitive Slave Law, a fugitive cannot be safe till he reaches Canada; but let the North and South be separated, and then merely a river or an imaginary line need be crossed. For if the South secede, the North will never surrender runaways; and the facilities of escape will be so great that slavery itself will be given up as unprofitable. When it is remembered that in the early stages of the Secession the Southerners were promised that, if they would return, all their former laws and guarantees would be preserved inviolate; and that the preservation of the Union was by many Northerners 277 considered not only as having priority over, but as exclusive altogether of, the question of slavery, and that there were many who would have sacrificed the negro on the altar of the Union, much allowance must be made for those who, seeing nothing but the negro, withheld their sympathy from those who seemed to see nothing but the Union.

“Some took the side of the South from blind, unthinking sympathy with weakness; as they would take the part of a little boy, bravely but hopelessly resisting a strong man. They said: Here is the South, much the weaker of the two, little, but full of pluck; let us, as always, take part with the weak against the strong. This was as foolish as to take the side of a criminal because he is weaker than the law. But it was not necessarily hostility to the North; for had the cases been reversed, and the North been the weaker, this chivalric folly would have been enlisted on your side as earnestly.

“There were many others who were influenced merely by fashion. Englishmen are sometimes told that America is a free country in such a tone as to imply that Great Britain is not so. Too true. With us, for example, a lady wishing a new dress, instead of 278 consulting merely her own good taste and her husband's purse, asks her dress-maker what the Empress of the French is wearing! And persons have been known to make their

choice of a church depend not on the truth of the doctrine or the excellence of the minister, but on the style of the congregation. This sort of thing may be unknown in a free country like yours; but there are some persons in England who are subject to this tyranny of fashion, and it is not strange that they should bend to its influence in reference to opinions on public questions. For a time it was undecided what direction the current would take; but when once the leaders of fashion gave the sign, many who had been waiting for it said: 'I always sympathized with the brave, chivalric Southerners!'

"Americans are respectfully asked to distinguish between those who were really hostile to themselves, and those who expressed sympathy with the South from ignorance or weakness. There are reasons for leniently judging them. Their mistakes were in some degree pardonable. During many months Southern agents were influencing the conductors of the press, and causing statements to be published greatly calculated to mislead, and which remained for a long time 279 without contradiction. Some of the official utterances of Mr. Lincoln and others seemed enigmatical; especially when he said that it was his business to save the Union without slavery or with it. It is not surprising that words uttered to gain Democratic votes for the Union should have been interpreted in the sense of upholding slavery, and that many Englishmen considered it would be better for the Union to be broken into a thousand parts than to have its entire strength devoted to rivet the fetters of the slave. It must also be considered that the erroneous opinions current in Great Britain were only echoes from America. You did not consider all your own citizens who wrote or spoke during the war as some of our people did, as enemies to their own country and people. To take a different view of the policy pursued by a Government is not the same thing as to cherish a hostile feeling towards the nation which that Government represents. And this applies to the majority of those who sympathized with the South. They did so not because they approved of the manner in which the rebellion was begun; not because they did not abhor the system of slavery which the South upheld; not because they cherished any ill-will to the 280 people or Government of the United States; but because they were mistaken as to the principles involved, the intentions of the North, and

the issue of the struggle. In spite of all appearances to the contrary, the heart of Great Britain was sound, and although many from whom better things might have been expected held aloof in the hour of trial, the nation as a whole felt and acted under the conviction that —

‘Though specious tyranny be strong, Humanity is true: An Empire founded on a wrong Is rotten through and through.’

“I have now, as my second point, to show that the great body of the English nation did actually approve of and sympathize with the policy of the North in the late war.

“The aristocracy were not all against you: for though it generally unconstitutional for our Royal Family to express political opinions, they being the head of the entire nation, including all parties, yet it is well known that the heart-sympathies of the late Prince Consort and of Queen Victoria were thoroughly opposed to that Rebellion whose object was to perpetuate the atrocities of slavery. Among some others 281 of the nobility, the Duke of Argyll, a member of the late Government and a man of no secondary rank, warmly espoused your cause. He said that ‘Any people who would not fight for their national existence, and save themselves from dismemberment, were not worthy of being a free people.’ lie is a Presbyterian and a Scotchman, which in combination make a very stanch piece of orthodoxy; yet he said at a Bible meeting during your war that if Colenso lived a hundred years, and wrote a book of heresy every year, he would not so dishonour the Bible as the man who tried to defend slavery from its pages. Lord Russell made mistakes, but he had the nobleness to admit as much when he attended the public breakfast to William Lloyd Garrison; and though his views of policy were, as I think, mistaken, he never did and never could desire success to the slave-rebellion. The greatest statesman we possess—a man of universal learning, transcendant genius, unsurpassed eloquence, doubtless soon to be the virtual ruler of this Empire—has always been a generous friend of America, admiring her greatness and desiring her increasing prosperity. Though he once seemed ready to admit that the South had won its independence, this opinion

was 282 expressed solely on the ground of humanity, and in order to arrest a war so destructive, the ultimate issue of which seemed to those most versed in the history of the past altogether certain to be the establishment of the independence of the Secession. In the interest of the North this opinion was expressed, and for humanity's sake, whether North or South, and not because he wished success to the latter; for no man more rejoices in the triumph of your great cause of Union and Emancipation than Mr. Gladstone, for though the result has not confirmed his expectations, it has been in fullest harmony with his desires.

“I might mention the names of many other of our statesmen and representatives. Milner Gibson, W. E. Forster, Edward Baines, C. Gilpin, Tom Hughes, Peter Taylor, and others, were always stanch and true, never hesitating to advocate the cause of justice and freedom, and making it impossible even to introduce to our House of Commons the question of recognition of the Confederacy.

“There is one name which is a tower of strength to any cause in which it is enlisted—the name of a man foremost in the great struggle of right—whose heart has always beaten true to humanity—whose 283 eloquence captivates all classes, and who has this peculiarity, that, however his opinions may be hated, they are always reported, so that at whatever length and at whatever spot he addresses the public on one evening, his speech is produced, word for word, to be read by the entire population next morning—he was always your faithful champion; I mean your friend, and the world's friend, John Bright.

“You have not, then, much reason to complain that *all* our leading statesmen were against you.

“If we come to political philosophers, I may mention Professors Newman, Cairnes, Rogers, and Goldwin Smith. These men, with their keen logic and persuasive speech, maintained the argumentative struggle in your favour. And what names of philosophers can you mention as a set-off on the other side? You had also the greatest of our living

philosophers, John Stuart Mill, who saw clearly the true character of the struggle, and testified to the literary and philosophical world that ‘it was well known what the question between the North and South had been for many years. Slavery alone was thought of and talked of. Slavery was battled for on the floor of Congress and the plains of Kansas. On Slavery Lincoln was elected. 284 The South separated on slavery, and proclaimed slavery as the cause of separation.’

“I might mention many eminent citizens as showing how men not engaged professionally in politics added to or neglected their commercial and other pursuits by their zeal in your cause. The Hon. L. Stanley, Mr. Scott, Chamberlain of London, and many others were constantly speaking and lecturing to maintain a wholesome feeling in the country. Mr. Potter, now Member of Parliament for Rochdale, spent six thousand pounds sterling in printing and distributing pamphlets among the working-men of England to instruct them in the true character of the struggle. Another friend of mine, Mr. Chesson, whose time is his only estate, gave up all his leisure for four years in unpaid services to work the ‘Union and Emancipation’ Society. Another personal friend, Mr. Handel Cossham, would spend a few hours in his mines during the early morning, then take an express train and travel one or two hundred miles to lecture on the war, and return for his own business next day. Thus a large number of our private citizens laboured at great personal cost, not only of time and ease, but of money also, in sustaining the popular sympathy with you.

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“If we come to the Church, it must be remembered that an Established clergy are not generally prominent in political movements, and especially in expressing sympathies opposed to the governing classes. I do not say this from any disrespect to individuals. The clergy of our Established Church are a body of men generally deserving the utmost respect, and many of them I value among my best personal friends. But I refer to the *system* . In some respects it is desirable that the clergy should not be political. It i s a fact that the Established clergy of England have never taken prominent part in political controversy. They have not done it on our own English questions. It is not, therefore,

surprising, that they were silent in reference to yours. Their silence must not, therefore, be taken as a proof that the congregations they represent were indifferent, still less that they were hostile to you. But it was otherwise with the Free Churches, the majority of which did, by their pastors and as congregations, in prayers, addresses, and public meetings, take part in a struggle which, involving as it did the question of slavery, was regarded by them as intimately connected with religion. I will not mention names; for those Free Church clergy of different 286 denominations who earnestly laboured for your cause were so many that it would be invidious to select a few. That, however, of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel I cannot forbear to name, as he, by the pen, the pulpit, and the platform, was pre-eminent in his zeal and influence.

“Some Americans were specially grieved that the Congregational Union, representing the Pilgrim Fathers and New England principles, was silent. The reason was that the business of the Union is considerable, arid the time for it very short; that extraneous topics, when likely to lead to discussion, are generally avoided; that a few of our influential clergy and laymen had notified their resolve to speak against a proposal to express sympathy with you in the war; and so to avoid a long discussion, which would have put aside the special business for which the Union meets, it was resolved not to bring in the motion. This course I greatly regret, and endeavoured to prevent. But though, as a Union, Congregationalists were silent, nine-tenths of the Congregational pastors and churches were heartily and actively with you in their individual capacity.

“Let us come to the Press. You were often hurt 287 by sentiments uttered in our papers. It is possible to over-estimate the importance of harsh sentiments expressed by anonymous writers. We do not judge America by some of the paragraphs in some American journals. An American paper honoured me last winter with a column of abuse. For what? That I been guilty of skating! My only reflection was, that if preachers more frequently skated, or rode on horseback, or took long walks, we might get a wholesomer and pleasanter theology. And Americans are too sensible to attribute to the English people some of the insults of some English papers, which may have been inserted without the editor's

knowledge, and only by some printer's nameless assistant. But you say the London *Times* was against you. The *Times* has the best paper and print, the latest intelligence, the raciest writing, the largest number of advertisements, and thus has many readers and a wide reputation; but it does not necessarily represent British opinion. The *Times* was abusing Kossuth at the very time when the people were honouring him So the *Times* was habitually writing against the North when multitudes of public demonstrations were being made in your favour throughout the country, all notice 288 of which it suppressed from its readers. But if the *Times* was against you, the *Daily News* and the *Morning Star* were constantly and zealously with you. So were the *Nonconformist* and other religious papers. So was the *Leeds Mercury* , and so was the best portion of the provincial and local Press, which more truly represents the public sentiment than metropolitan journals.

“Still the important question comes—On which side were the *People* ? I Republicans, who consider that a man without a cent is as respectable as another who owns a thousand acres, if he is equally intelligent, honest, and industrious, must not say that the people were against the North because those who frequented the best hotels and rode in first-class carriages generally were so. The great masses of the People—those who have fought and won so many great moral victories—the People who struck off the fetters of our own slaves, the People who achieved freedom of religion, freedom of trade, and parliamentary reform—the People were heartily with you.

“What is the proof? Thousands of public mass-meetings were held in London and throughout the country during the four years of your struggle, all of 289 them in advocacy of your cause. *Not one was convened to express sympathy with the Rebellion* . In the majority of cases the resolutions of sympathy were carried without a dissentient; in the rest by an overwhelming majority; in all with the utmost enthusiasm. If England was Southern in sympathy, why was not at least one public meeting convened to express it? You read the utterances of some public men and leading journals; but you did not know of the public meetings in which the masses of the people uttered their voice. If money, if rank, if genius could have convened popular assemblies to express sympathy with the South,

those assemblies would have been convened. But the public sentiment of the People at large was such as to render such an attempt utter folly. It would have resulted in complete discomfiture. If in any districts such an attempt might have been supposed possible, it would have been those where the cotton operatives were starving in consequence of your blockade. But even here the attempt was not made. On the other hand, those operatives assembled and emphatically declared their willingness, if necessary, to starve rather than aid and abet U 290 a slave empire which trampled on law, the dignity of labour, and the rights of the human race.

Thus I maintain, in spite of appearances, that the English Nation was far more with you than against you. The sentiment of the great masses of the people was that expressed by your own poet—

Thou too, sail on, O Ship of State: Sail on, O Union, strong and great; Humanity, with all its fears, With all its hopes of future years, Is hanging breathless on thy fate.

Thank God! it hangs breathless on your fate no longer; but the people of England still can say—

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee; Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, Our faith triumphant o'er our fears, Are all with thee, are all with thee!

Let all lovers of peace in both nations frown on those selfish politicians, those despicable merchants, who for their own ends would do anything which might stir up ill-will between two nations in whose harmony the interests. of the whole world are bound up.

War between us would be the greatest calamity and the greatest crime recorded in history. Material interests forbid it. How vast a quantity of the corn 291 consumed in Great Britain is grown on Western prairies, and how much of British manufactures is purchased in America! War would mean injury on the largest scale to trade and commerce, with consequent starvation to hundreds of thousands of operatives. Consider the fearfulness

of a conflict between nations both of whom possess such resources, such determination, such bravery. I watched the Volunteer army of Boston march through the streets in honour of Sheridan; and I thought there was not a man there who would not die for his country, nor a woman looking on who would not wish to be a man to do the same should that country be in danger. Yes! you are brave because you are English. We should do the same. How awful the very idea of two such nations engaged in mutual and deadly strife!

I beseech you, then, by our community of race—one nation though under two Governments; by the grand old language which we speak in common, with the same thrilling words of Father, Mother, Home; by the common literature we possess; by our Shakespeare and Milton, which are yours also; by our Longfellow and Tennyson, side by side in all our libraries; by the stirring memories of our common history; by 292 our ancestors, whether sturdy Saxon rallying round the standard of King Harold, or as daring Norman spurring his splendid chivalry to the trumpet of Duke William, and afterwards, on a nobler field, uniting to wring from a reluctant tyrant that great Charter which is the foundation of our liberties on both sides the Atlantic; by those great days when our forefathers rallied round the standard of a lion-hearted Queen, and launched forth, some of them in mere fishing boats, against the proud Armada which was threatening them with Popery and persecution; by the days of the Commonwealth; by Pym, and Eliot, and Sir Harry Vane, who battled in the Parliament, and Milton, who battled with the pen, and Hampden and the Ironsides, whose psalm of praise was the signal of discomfiture to the foes of freedom; and by Cromwell, common to us both, greatest of monarchs though uncrowned. I appeal to you by the Pilgrim Fathers who sought your shores, and by the Puritans and Covenanters who remained behind to suffer and to dare in the same good cause; I appeal to you by the ashes of our ancestors, whether they repose beneath the stately towers of some ancient Minster or beneath the daisied turf of some homely English village churchyard; 293 I appeal to you by that same Bible we read in common; by that same Gospel of Peace our missionaries proclaim; by that same Saviour whom we adore—never let there be strife between two nations whose conflict would be the opposition of two

Niagaras, but whose accord is as the flowing together of two such rivers in an irresistible tide of blessing to mankind. Never let our glorious standards—yours reminding of the rays of Day and the stars of Night, and ours, with its clustered Crosses, telling of union in diversity, and reminding of that Saviour who by the cross came to liberate all mankind from wrath and selfishness and wrong—never let those glorious flags be arrayed in hostile defiance, but, floating together, may they lead on the van of the world's progress!

We two are the common natural champions of universal Freedom; and I cannot but imagine all the demons of hell exulting, and all the despots of earth clapping their hands, and angels in heaven weeping to see us wasting the treasure and shedding the blood which should be husbanded against the common foe. Never, never let us give angels such cause for lamenting; never let us give demons and despots such cause for rejoicing; but ever let Great Britain and America 294 —mother and the daughter, or, if you prefer it, the elder sister and the younger—go forth hand in hand, angel-guardians together of the world's civilization, freedom, and religion—their only rivalry the rivalry of love.

THE END.

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